THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 29. FEBRUARY, 1806. VOL. V.

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE DR. CURRIE, OF LIVERPOOL.

By Dr. Aikin.

DR. JAMES CURRIE was born at Kirkpatrick-Fleming, in Dumfriesshire, on May 31st, 1756. His father was the established minister of that parish, whence he afterwards removed to that of Middlebie. Dr. Currie was an only son: of six sisters, two alone are now surviving. He received the rudiments of learning at the parish school of his native place, whence he was transferred to the grammar school of Dumfries, one of the most reputable seminaries of the kind in Scotland. His original destination was for a commercial life, and he passed some years of his youth in Virginia, in a mercantile station. Disliking this profession, and unwilling to be a witness of the impending troubles in the American colonies, he quitted that country in 1776, and, in the following year, commenced a course of medical study at the university of Edinburgh, which occupied him almost without interruption for three years. A prospect of an appointment in the medical staff of the army, which would not admit of the usual delay of an Edinburgh graduation, induced him to take the degree of doctor of physic at Glasgow. He arrived, however, in London too late for the expected place; but still determining to go abroad, he had taken his passage in a ship for Jamaica, when a severe indisposition prevented his sailing, and entirely changed his lot in life. He renounced his first intention; and, after some consideration respecting an eligible settlement, he fixed upon the commercial and rapidly increasing town of Liverpool, which became his residence from the year 1781.

The liberal and enlightened character which has long distinguished many of the leading inhabitants of that place, rendered it a peculiarly favourable theatre for the display of the moral and intellectual endowments for which Dr. Currie was

conspicuous, and he soon rose into general esteem. Indeed, it was not possible, even upon a casual acquaintance, for a judge of mankind to fail of being struck by his manly urbanity of behaviour, by the elegance and variety of his conversation, by the solid sense and sagacity of his remarks, and by the tokens of a feeling heart, which graced and dignified the qualities of his understanding. No man was ever more highly regarded by his friends; no physician ever inspired more confidence and attachment in his patients.

In 1783, Dr. Currie made a very desirable matrimonial connexion with Lucy, the daughter of William Wallace, Esq., an Irish merchant in Liverpool. Of this marriage a numerous and amiable family was the fruit, by which his name promises to be worthily perpetuated. His professional employment rapidly increased; he was elected one of the physicians of the infirmary, and took his station among the distinguished characters of the place of his residence.

His first appearance from the press was on occasion of the lamented death of his intimate friend Dr. Bell, a young physician, of great hopes, settled at Manchester. His elegant and interesting tribute to the memory of this person was published in 1785, in the first volume of the Transactions of the Manchester Philosophical and Literary Society, of which they were both members. He was elected a member of the London Medical Society in 1790, and communicated to it a paper on Tetanus and Convulsive Disorders, published in the third volume of its memoirs. In 1792 he became a fellow of the Royal Society. A very curious and instructive account of the remarkable effects of a shipwreck, communicated by him to that body, was published in the Philosophical Transactions of that year.

The mind of Dr. Currie was not made to be confined to a narrow range of speculation, and nothing interesting to human society was indifferent to, or unconsidered, by him. The war with France, consequent to its great revolutionary struggle, was regarded by him, as it was by many other philanthropists, with disapprobation, with respect as well to its principles, as to its probable effect on the happiness of both countries. A pamphlet which appeared in 1793, under the title of A Letter, Commercial and Political, addressed to the Right Hon. William Pitt, by Jasper Wilson, Esq., was generally understood to proceed from his pen. The energy of language, the weight of argument, and the extent of information, displayed in it, drew upon it a large share of notice. It soon attained a second edition, and various answers attested the degree of importance attached to it in the public estimation. One of the respondents took the unwarrantable liberty of directly addressing Dr. Currie, in print, as the author, at the same time affecting the familiarity of an intimate acquaintance, although no correspondence between them had subsisted for a number of years. It can scarcely be doubted, that this infringement of the rules of liberal controversy was made with the malignant purpose of exposing Dr. Currie to popular odium, and injuring him in his profession. He felt it as such; but the particular line of his principal connexions, together with the solid basis of the character he had established, enabled him to despise the efforts of party malice.

The greater distinction a professional man acquires from pursuits not belonging to his profession, the more necessary it becomes for him to bring himself into notice as a successful votary of the art or science to which his primary attention is due. Of this point Dr. Currie was very far from being neglectful. To those who employed him he was abundantly known as a skilful and sedulous practitioner, and the medical papers he had already published gave him reputation among his brethren. This reputation was widely extended, and raised to an emi-

nent degree, by a publication which first appeared in October, 1797, entitled "Medical Reports on the Effects of Water, Cold and Warm, as a Remedy in Febrile Diseases; with Observations on the Nature of Fever, and on the Effects of Opium, Alcohol, and Inanition." The practice of affusion of cold water in fevers, which is the leading topic in this work, was suggested to the author by Dr. Wright's narrative in the London Medical Journal of his successful treatment of a fever in a homeward-bound ship from Jamaica. Dr. Currie copied and greatly extended it, and investigated the principles by which its use should be directed and regulated. He discovered that the safety and advantage of the application of cold was proportionate to the existing augmentation of the animal heat; and he found the thermometer a very valuable instrument to direct the practitioner's judgment in febrile cases. He may therefore be considered as the principal author of a practice which has already been attended with extraordinary success in numerous instances, and bids fair to prove one of the greatest medical improvements in modern times. The work, which contained many ingenious speculations and valuable observations, was very generally read and admired. A new volume was added to it in 1804, consisting of much interesting matter on different topics, especially in confirmation of the doctrine and practice of the former volume respecting cold affusion. The free and successful employment of this remedy, in the scarlatina, was one of its most important articles. The author had the satisfaction of receiving numerous acknowledgments of the benefit derived from his instructions, both in private and in naval and military practice. He himself was so much convinced of the utility of the methods he recommended, that a revision of the whole work, for a new edition, was one of the latest labours of his life.

Dr. Currie might now, without danger to his professional character, indulge his inclination for the ornamental parts of literature; and an occasion offered in which he had the happiness of rendering his taste and his benevolence equally conspicuous. On a visit to his native country, in 1792, he had become personally acquainted with that rustic son of genius, Robert Burns. This extraordinary, but unfortunate man, having, at his death, left his family in great indigence, a subscription was made in Scotland for their immediate relief, and at the same time a design was formed of publishing an edition of his printed works and remains for their emolument. Mr. Syme, of Ryedale, an old and intimate friend of Dr. Currie, strongly urged him to undertake the office of editor; and to this request, in which other friends of the poet's memory concurred, he could not withhold his acquiescence, notwithstanding his multiplied engagements. In 1800, he published in 4 vols. 8vo. "The Works of Robert Burns, with an Account of his Life, and a Criticism on his Writings; to which are prefixed, some Observations on the Character and Condition of the Scottish Peasantry." These volumes were a rich treat to the lovers of poetry and elegant literature, and Dr. Currie's part in them, as a biographer and critic, was greatly admired, as well for beauty of style as for liberality of sentiment and sagacity of remark. If any objection was made to him as an editor, on account of unnecessary extension of the materials, the kind purpose for which the publication was undertaken pleaded his excuse with all who were capable of feeling its force. Its success fully equalled the most sanguine expectations. Repeated editions produced a balance of profit, which formed a little fortune for the destitute family; and Dr. Currie might congratulate himself with having been one of the most effectual friends of departed genius that the annals of British poetry record.

Every plan for promoting liberal studies and the improvement of the

human mind, had in him a zealous and active supporter. In the formation of those literary institutions, which have done so much honour to the town of Liverpool, he, with his intimate and congenial friend, the distinguished author of the Lives of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo X., stood among the foremost; and their names were always conjoined when mention was made of the worth and talents which dignified their place of abode. No cultivated traveller visited Liverpool without soliciting Dr. Currie's acquaintance, and his reception of those introduced to him was eminently polite and hospitable.

In his Life of Burns, remarking upon that partiality for their own country, which appears almost universally in the natives of Scotland, he has observed, that "it differs in its character according to the character of the different minds in which it is found; in some appearing a selfish prejudice, in others a generous affection." He was himself a striking exemplification of this fact; for the sentiment in him was principally shown in the kindness with which he received all his young countrymen who came recommended to his notice, and the zeal with which he exerted himself to procure them situations suited to their qualifications. Indeed, a disposition in general to favour the progress of deserving young persons was a prominent feature in his character. He loved to converse with them, and mingled valuable information with cheering encouragement.

Though externally of a vigorous frame of body, Dr. Currie had a predisposition to those complaints which usually shorten life; and in the year 1784, he had experienced a pulmonary attack of an alarming nature, from which he was extraordinarily recovered by the use of horse exercise, as related by himself, in his case inserted in the 2d volume of Dr. Darwin's Zoonomia. He was, however, seldom long free from threatenings of a return, and his health began visibly to decline in the early part of 1804. In the summer of that year he took a journey to Scotland, where, among other sources of gratification, he had that of witnessing the happy effects of his kindness on the family of Burns. His letters on this occasion were delightful displays of benevolence rejoicing in its work. He returned with some temporary amendment; but alarming symptoms soon returned, and in November he found it necessary to quit the climate and business of Liverpool. How severely his departure was felt by those who had been accustomed to commit their health, and that of their families, to his skill and tenderness, can only be estimated by those who have experienced a similar loss. He spent the winter alternately at Clifton and Bath; and, in the month of March, appeared to himself in a state of convalescence, which justified his taking a house in Bath, and commencing the practice of his profession. From the manner in which his career opened, there could be no doubt that it would have proved eminently successful; but the concluding scene was hastily approaching. As a last resource, he went, in August, to Sidmouth, where, after much suffering, which he bore with manly fortitude and pious resignation, he expired on August 31st, 1805, in the 50th year of his age. His disease was ascertained to be a great enlargement and flaccidity of the heart, accompanied with remarkable wasting of the left lung, but without ulceration, tubercle, or abcess.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHAT IS FAME?

THERE are few speculations more amusing, and, at the same time, in some degree, mortifying, than the different notions of the celebrity of individuals, entertained in different ages and countries. Biographical records are full of exam-

ples of local and temporary fame, which are lost in utter obscurity as soon as the place or period is changed; and an *illustrissimus* on one side of a mountain or river is often reduced to *nobody* on the other side. A paragraph in the "Diary of Linnæus," published by Dr. Maton, lately struck me as affording a remarkable instance of this partial estimate. It is a quotation from a certain Suhm, in *Hist. Lit. Actis Nidrosensibus inserta.* "Of those who have gained the praise of the learned world, six only are mentioned as *immortal*, the highest appellation that can be bestowed on philosophers: *Galileo*, *Newton*, *Leibnitz*, *Boerhaave*, *Linne*, and *Gram.*" With the first five names no man of reading can be unacquainted; but who is *Gram?* I take it for granted that he is a German, but in what department he has acquired this extraordinary celebrity I cannot guess.

For the Literary Magazine.

SAPPHO VINDICATED.

THE first after Alcman, whose devotion to love particularly claims notice, is Sappho, the poetess of Mytilene. Her character has been the subject of so much controversy, that it may seem impossible to allege any new argument to rescue it from the abhorrence with which her supposed irregularities have loaded her name. Yet we may be better inclined to listen to what has been said in her vindication, when it is considered that some of the fables recorded of her are full of the most palpable absurdities and anachronisms. At least, when we are told by grave authors that Anacreon, Archilochus, and Hipponax were among her gallants, we may be disposed to hesitate in admitting every other story that has been circulated to her prejudice. The existence of another Sappho, a native of Eressus, of infamous character, may explain some of these inconsistencies; and we may, I should imagine, without being called discourteous, transfer to a prostitute who has been dead for 2500 years the calumnies which have been injuriously levelled against the fame of an exalted spirit that will live for ever.

With regard to her love for Phaon, it is not surprising that a woman of so ardent an imagination as our poetess should be hurried away, by the violence of passion, to a conduct generally reputed irregular and disgraceful; and, as she soared above her sex in the wonderful endowments of her mind, so perhaps it is hardly fair to judge her by the common standard of female propriety. On these grounds we may admit the probability and palliate the extravagance of this unfortunate attachment; but I think it impossible to allow, without unquestionable proofs, the utter depravity of a soul so noble.

The remonstrances which Sappho made to her brother Charaxus on a disgraceful and ruinous connection he had formed with an Egyptian courtezan, are strongly demonstrative of the strength of her affection for him, and of the purity of her own heart and understanding. It is customary with those who take an unnatural delight in blackening the human character, to dwell on acts of hypocrisy and duplicity, and to represent it as a common thing in men to conceal in themselves, by severely reprehending in others, the very vices to which they are conscious of being most addicted. But whatever we may read or hear of such men, they are, to the honour of our nature, very seldom to be met with in real life, especially among those whose minds have been enlarged by liberal pursuits, or whose hearts are expanded by the powers of their fancy, and the warmth of their imagination.—Sappho is all fire and enthusiasm: her whole soul is breathed out in every strain she sings. She calls

on Venus herself to administer wine to her associates, and thus addresses the heavenly cup-bearer:

Come, smiling Venus! hand around
The golden cup with nectar crown'd;
Present thy goblet from above
To all who have the soul to love:
Come, and the draught thy hands supply
Inspire with thy divinity.

Is it possible that such a woman was a hypocrite, or that, while she was reproving the vice and folly of a beloved brother, she was conscious herself of being the most dissolute and abandoned of her sex? No author earlier than the Augustan age alludes to those infamous stories which the writings of Ovid have circulated to her prejudice. Must the character of this divine poetess be loaded with every species of obloquy and reproach on so slight a foundation as the weak fancy of a profligate Roman?

On the same single authority has the person of Sappho been injuriously stigmatised. Let us see what a Grecian poet, Democharis, says of her picture, which may at least be sufficient to counterbalance the other:

Whoe'er he was whose art this picture plann'd
'Twas plastic Nature led his skilful hand.
The glittering moisture of the eye is seen,
As if the power of Fancy dwelt within;
The warm carnation of the features glows
With Nature's roses, shines with Nature's snows,
While the bright smiles and lips' nectareous dews
Tremble with love, and glisten with the muse.

Of the sublime ode preserved by Longinus, Ambrose Philips's beautiful translation will never be equalled by any future attempts. Yet it has been very justly observed, that that exquisite little poem fails in giving an adequate idea of the fire of the original. There is as much difference between them as between the soul of Sappho and that of a tender European lover. I will therefore venture to present a translation which appears to me more literal, retaining the four first lines of Philips, which it seems impossible to render more exactly.

"Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile."
'Tis this has set my heart on fire,
And thrill'd my bosom with desire;
For when I see thy form arise,
All voice and sound that instant dies;
My trembling tongue has lost its pow'r;
Slow subtle fires my skin devour;
My sight is fled; around me swim
Low dizzy murmurs; every limb
Cold creeping dews o'erspread; I feel
A shivering tremor o'er me steal;
Paler than grass I grow; my breath
Pants in short gasps; I seem like death.

I will conclude these observations on the Mytilenian poetess with the following epigram:

Come, Lesbian maids, to Juno's royal dome,
With steps that hardly press the pavement, come;
Let your own Sappho lead the lovely choir,
And to the altar bear her golden lyre.
Then first in graceful order slow advance,
And weave the mazes of the holy dance,
While, plac'd on high, the heav'n-wrapt maid shall pour
Such strains that men shall wonder and adore.

It may not be amiss to introduce, after these specimens, one of a different species of composition, by way of variety. It is among the Pastorals of Bion.

Mild star of Eve, whose tranquil beams
Are grateful to the queen of love;
Sweet planet, whose effulgence gleams
More bright than all the pow'rs above,
And only to the moon's clear light
Yields the first honours of the night.

All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
Fair glory of the midnight sky!
And when my steps are wand'ring far,
Leading the shepherd minstrelsy,
Then if the moon deny her ray,
Oh light me, Hesper, on my way!

No savage robber of the dark,
No foul assassin claims thy aid
To point his dagger to its mark,
Or guide him in his plund'ring trade.
My gentler errand is to prove
The transports of requitted love.

For the Literary Magazine.

ERINNE.

ERINNE, the fair contemporary of Sappho, has been usually called a Lesbian; but there are some who make the island of Teos, and others that of Telos, the place of her birth. Though her life was short, it was sufficiently extended to procure her an immortal fame. "The rose," says Achilles Tatius, in the Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe, "is therefore called the most beautiful of flowers, because it is most short-lived." He says also, "There are two kinds of beauty, the one pure and celestial, the other gross and earthly." The latter adheres to the body in which it resides, is fixed in the form of a face or of a bosom, in the regular arch of an eye-brow, the just symmetry of a nose, or the unfading coral of a lip. Its very essence consists in the features in which it dwells. There is no attempt at escaping, no struggling to aspire. Hence the body which it inhabits undisturbed, and almost unanimated, generally lasts on earth during the longest term that is allotted to man, and, when at last it dies, the beauty which once dwelt there perishes also, and is buried with it in the earth. This is gross, earthly beauty. The other owes its origin to Heaven, always aspires to the place of its birth, and is only shown to us in the world before it is called back again to its home. It can hardly bear to be united to a mortal form. It seems always anxious to break its prison, and mount into the skies. Hence the fire that enlightens the eyes, that seems trying to escape, and that darts its lustre upwards into heaven. Hence the "eloquent blood" that mounts into the face, that animates the countenance with colours perpetually varying and always lovely; hence the quick irregular pantings of the breast; and hence the glistening moisture of the lips and eyes, which look as if the soul were always on the wing to escape, and fluttering between the speech and the sight.

It is certain that some degree of melancholy always accompanies our admiration of premature genius or of extraordinary sensibility in early youth. The thread of life seems too finely drawn to last; and we generally anticipate the speedy loss of so much loveliness and sweetness. Such was the fate of the beautiful Erinne. A poetess from her cradle, in the short space of eighteen years she established a reputation which her admirers have not hesitated to place on a level with that of the great father of epic poetry. Yet during all this time she was apparently occupied only in those domestic concerns which in that age were the universal employments of the high-born as well as of the cottage maiden. She courted neither fame nor honour; but the muses themselves descended to her; they inspired her soul with raptures unknown to her laborious companions.

Scarce nineteen summer suns had shed
Youth's roses o'er the virgin's head,
While by a guardian-mother's side
Her customary tasks she plied;
Bade her rich silks the loom prepare,
Or watch'd the distaff's humble care:
Her modest worth the Muses knew,
Brought her rich talents forth to view;
With their own fires they fill'd her soul,
Bade her young eye in trasport roll,
And (ah! too soon from human eyes!)
Bore her, their handmaid, to the skies.

She died at the age of nineteen, unmarried, and left behind her not more than three hundred verses, on

which the highest praises are bestowed by her admirers. An ode to Fortitude, which bears her name, or, more properly, a fragment of that ode, is preserved; and we have two or three other poems of hers, which recommend themselves by an elegant and affecting simplicity, but yet more by the remarkable resemblance which they bear to the circumstances of her own death. The following is on one of her companions of the name of Baucis, which I have changed in my translation, as not being suitable to an English ear.

I mark the spot where Juliet's ashes lie.
Whoe'er thou art who passest silent by
This simple column, grac'd by many a tear,
Call the fierce monarch of the shades severe.
These mystic ornaments too plainly show
Th' unhappy fate of her who lies below.
With the same torch that Hymen gladly led
Th' expecting virgin to the nuptial bed,
Her widow'd husband lit the funeral pyre,
And saw the dreary flames of death aspire.
Thou too, oh Hymen, bad'st the jocund day
That hail'd thy festive season, die away,
Chang'd for the sigh of woe and groan of deep dismay.

She seems to have lingered round the spot endeared by the tomb of her beloved associate, and has described to us the very emblems that ornamented the sepulchre.

Say, thou cold marble, and thou weeping urn,
And sculptor'd Syrens that appear to mourn
And guard within my poor and senseless dust,
Consign'd by fond affection to your trust;
Say to the stranger, as he muses nigh,
That Juliet's ashes here lamented lie,
Of noble lineage; that Erinne's love
Thus mourns the partner of her joys above.

The Anthologia contains many epitaphs on this amiable poetess; that of Antipater Sidonius is worthy of our attention.

Few were thy notes, Erinne, short thy lay,
But thy short lay the muse herself has giv'n;
Thus never shall thy memory decay,
Nor night obscure that fame which lives in heav'n;

While we, th' unnumber'd bards of after-time,
Sink in the solitary grave unseen,
Unhonour'd reach Avernus' fabled clime,
And leave no record that we once have been.

Sweet are the graceful swan's melodious lays,
Though but a moment heard, and then they die;
But the long chattering of discordant jays
The winds of April scatter through the sky.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMORIAL OF THE MERCHANTS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

To the President of the United States, and the Senate and House of Representatives, &c. &c.

YOUR memorialists beg leave respectfully to approach the government of their country, on subjects of great importance, which have affected their minds with the deepest anxiety and alarm.

Confiding in the justice and friendly dispositions of the government of Great Britain, and entertaining a correspondent expectation that no unusual restrictions would be imposed on neutral commerce, without adequate motives and the most ample notice; presuming, especially, that commercial enterprises, commenced under the sanction of established principles, would on no account be affected by a change of

system; your memorialists have employed a vast capital in importing various colonial productions, the surplus of which, exceeding the demands of this country, they have been accustomed to export freely to the different markets of Europe.

After this commerce had been prosecuted without restriction, for several years, and had attracted a great proportion of their wealth; after their insurers had assumed immense responsibilities, grounded on an opinion that this trade was strictly regular; having never received the slightest intimation, that it could be deemed incompatible with the rights of a belligerent nation, they have been suddenly confounded, by unexpected intelligence of the arrestation, on the high seas, of a large portion of their property, which had been embarked with the most unsuspecting confidence.

The feelings of your memorialists are not only excited by the losses which they have actually sustained, in consequence of a measure unsusceptible of previous calculation, but also from the state of uncertainty in which they are placed with respect to future commercial operations.

Your memorialists have heretofore believed, that commerce between the United States and colonies subject to the enemies of Great Britain, when *bona fide* prosecuted on their own account, would be perfectly safe from interruption: they have also believed, that all articles, which might be securely *imported* into the United States, might be as securely *exported;* with the exception well understood, both in respect to the import and export trade, of commerce with places blockaded, or in articles contraband of war.

In a recent interpretation of what is considered by the tribunals of Great Britain as a *direct trade* between the colonies and the parent countries of their enemies, your memorialists perceive, with concern, the developement of a principle, which, if conceded on the part of the United States, must prove fatal to their commercial importance.

It is understood to have been decided, that whenever it appears to be the intention of the importer of colonial produce to export the same to Europe, or whenever it is so exported by the original importer, such intention or exportation shall be evidence of a *direct trade*, and subject the property, though neutral, to confiscation.

Your memorialists consider it their bounden duty to themselves and their country, to express their most decided opposition to this decision.

As to the evidence arising from the supposed intention of an importer, they readily admit, that the great quantities of colonial produce which are acquired by means of the American commerce, exceeding the demand for consumption in the United States, will fairly justify *a general presumption* that the surplus is ultimately destined for European markets. They assert, however, that the *intention* of a merchant, in respect to the *future destination of his property*, must, from the nature of things, be inconclusive. All plans of business, formed by individuals, are liable to be affected by circumstances, not to be foreseen or controlled. These plans are, therefore, necessarily revokeable by those who form them; and an *intention*, which has *not been executed*, proves nothing more than might justly be inferred from a general presumption, arising from the course of our commerce. To apply such an intention in a particular case, to the prejudice of an individual; to presume that he has voluntarily incurred an immense risk, which, consistently with the success of his main object, he might have fairly avoided, and to involve him in ruin for prosecuting a trade which, if undertaken with a different motive, would have been declared lawful; would be, in the opinion of your memorialists, to confound and reverse the best established principles of reason, equity, and law.

Your memorialists contend for no innovations on the law of nations;

and, except where special treaties have prescribed a different rule, they admit that they may lawfully be restrained from transporting the property of the parties engaged in war. In the recent decision, which prohibits an importer of colonial produce from exporting it to Europe, they, however, perceive with concern, either a nugatory and vexatious regulation, or a meditated blow at what they deem an incontestible and valuable right.

Heretofore there existed clear and obvious circumstances of discrimination between the *direct trade*, which Great Britain has assumed the right of denying to neutrals, and the indirect or *circuitous trade*, which she admits to be lawful. The direct trade could be performed by a single shipment or voyage; whereas the circuitous trade subjected the property to double freights and insurances, to deductions in favour of the revenue, and various other expences in this country.

If the arrival of a ship in the country to which it belongs, the landing of the cargo, the inspection of the custom-house, the payment or security of duties, do not terminate a voyage, then we confess our ignorance on a point which, never having been before questioned, has been assumed by us as an acknowledged truth. If the entry for exportation, the embarkation of merchandize, the reinspection of the custom-house, the bond for securing a delivery in a foreign country, and a public clearance, do not indicate the commencement of a new voyage, then we are yet to learn the meaning of the expression. If all the formalities and sanctions established for the security of our revenue; if operations of immense magnitude, transacted with the greatest publicity, and without any motive for concealment, are considered as unreal representations, and merely colourable and fraudulent contrivances to cover an illicit trade between the colonies and the parent countries of the enemies of Great Britain; then it becomes necessary, both in regard to our characters and interests, to enquire whether the new regulations establish a more definite criterion for the discovery of truth.

We repel with indignation the suggestion, that the trans-shipment of property for a foreign market, by the original importer, is evidence of fraud or chicane; or that, unsupported by other circumstances, it can justify a suspicion that it is other than neutral. In our opinion, any discrimination between the rights of an importing merchant and a vendee in the United States is manifestly fallacious, as it virtually asserts that the former can exercise only an imperfect dominion over property lawfully acquired, and possessed in this country, while, at the same time, he can convey to the latter a title to a privilege not enjoyed by himself: in short, that a trade is unlawful, when the advantage is to result to one person, but may be rendered lawful, by being participated with another.

If the new doctrine is executed in the mildest form, its operation must be highly injurious, by originating new questions for litigation, and, of course, subjecting all our commerce to new hazards of interruption. We presume not, however, to comprehend to what extent, or in what manner, the principle will be applied: we perceive that the ancient land-mark has been removed, but we seek in vain for a beacon to direct our course. If we enquire whether a *bona fide* sale and delivery of merchandize, by an importer, being a citizen, to another known citizen of the United States, for a valuable consideration, will, as in ordinary cases, be conclusive evidence of a transfer of property, and the answer is affirmative; then we complain that our ships have been detained, the rates of insurance enhanced, and our property confiscated, for the establishment of a rule, which, when once understood, will become nugatory, and cease to produce any commercial or political effect. If, on the other hand, this evidence is not to be deemed conclusive, we profess

ourselves to be utterly at a loss to discover what proofs of ownership and neutrality of property can, with safety, be relied on.

But these embarrassments, though perplexing and vexatious, are not those which principally occasion our solicitude. We are compelled to consider the late decisions of the British tribunals as preliminary steps towards a system for controlling the importations and exportations of colonial productions, and thereby annihilating the most lucrative branches of our foreign commerce.

If we owed this trade solely to the favour of Great Britain, still we might ask, what urgent motive, what imperious necessity, required that the favour should be rescinded, at a period when our commerce was spread over the ocean, and when a change so essential might destroy its security, and subject us to incalculable losses?

We deny, however, that the rights of commerce, as claimed by us, are to be deemed favours; on the contrary, if the law of nations is other than a temporary rule, prescribed by an arbitrary will, and enforced by power, then we appeal to its most universal and inviolable principle, in our defence. This principle is, *that the goods of a neutral, consisting of articles not contraband of war, in a neutral vessel, employed in a direct trade between neutral countries and ports of a belligerent country, not invested or blockaded, are protected.*

In the controversies which have existed at different times, for extending the privileges of neutral vessels, and limiting the grounds of capture, we take no part; we appeal to the old law. If neutral rights can be reduced within more confined limits than this law prescribes, we perceive not how, amidst the collisions of national interests, any neutral commerce can exist, even in our native productions.

If it be intimated, that neutrals should be confined to a commerce with such places, and in such articles only as were allowed in peace, by the municipal regulations of the countries engaged in war, the doctrine may be repelled by the notorious fact, that no such principle has governed the conduct of nations, during any wars in which they have been engaged; all were free to vary, and all, in fact, have varied, their commercial systems: whatever theoretical opinions may therefore have been advanced, there has existed no such practical rule, and to set up such a rule, under the unparalelled circumstances of the present war, must infallibly destroy the commerce of this country.

It is a well known fact, that the people of the United States export to foreign countries a greater proportion of the aggregate annual value of the products of their industry than any other people of the globe; they are consequently most deeply interested in the security and freedom of their trade: in short, being almost exclusively an agricultural and commercial people, those parts of our country which, from recent settlement, or from other circumstances, are wholly agricultural, are more immediately interested than any other, as they are in a greater degree dependent on foreign supplies, and consequently most liable to be affected by any vibrations of the commercial system.

As our manufactures do not flourish in proportion to the progress of our population, wealth, and luxury, the necessity of extending our commerce is constantly increasing.

The basis of all our trade is the aggregate value of our native productions, exceeding what are consumed in the United States: these are exported to various countries, from which we receive supplies for domestic use, or other articles for exportation. A very great proportion of all the results of our commerce with the world centre in the dominions of Great Britain, and we receive almost exclusively from that country our cloathing and other necessary manufactures.

By the events of the late and pre-

sent war, many countries with which we prosecuted an increasing trade, have been either diverted from manufacturing pursuits, or have been greatly impoverished, or conquered and subjected to the colonial system of Great Britain.

With these preliminary facts in view, we request permission to detail some of the most important consequences of the assumed rule, *that neutrals may be restrained, in time of war, to their accustomed trade in time of peace.* The injustice of such a rule, in relation to the United States, will be more manifest: the individuals employed in commerce would not alone be affected; all the internal relations of our country would be disturbed; the interests of those districts which are most remote from our principal ports would, in proportion to their dependence on foreign supplies, be most severely depressed.

The effects of war cannot be confined to the countries engaged in war. The value of money, the price of labour, the rates of freight and insurance, are by war enhanced throughout the world; all articles of merchandize, both of export and import, are variously affected, in their qualities and value, by new wants, by the relinquishment of former pursuits, and by the new direction which is thereby given to the industry of different nations. Other consequences result from the effects of war: as the impoverishment of some, and the aggrandizement of other countries; also from the acknowledged right of belligerent nations to interdict commerce in contraband articles, and to institute blockades. This last right is highly injurious to neutrals, as it frequently restrains them from proceeding to the best markets. It is obviously impossible, therefore, to confine the United States, in time of war, amidst all these changes and disadvantages, to their *accustomed trade in time of peace, without destroying all trade.*

If, in consequence of the war, certain articles usually exported from the United States, to countries from which we received necessary supplies, cease to be demanded in those countries, may we not export other articles, and thereby obtain the supplies we need?

If articles, usually imported into the United States in time of peace, cease to be demanded by us in time of war, in consequence of our ability to obtain substitutes which we prefer, shall we be required to renounce our export trade, by being forbid to import other articles for consumption or for commerce? or shall we be compelled to receive in exchange articles which we do not require?

If, in consequence of an increased demand for our exports to particular countries, we obtain, in exchange, articles of commerce exceeding our domestic wants, shall it be required that the surplus perish on our hands?

If Great Britain permits commerce between her subjects and the colonies of her enemies, may we not, with the consent of those colonies, participate in the same commerce?

If our commerce with the enemies of Great Britain may now be confined to the system established in time of peace, may we not apprehend that the principle will be retaliated, in respect to our commerce with the colonies of Great Britain? In that case, what can ensue but war, pillage, and devastation?

These are not imaginary suppositions: they illustrate the most important principles of our commerce; they evince the necessity of a circuitous trade, to enable us to realize the great value of exports in our native productions, by which alone we acquire the power to liquidate the balance against us, in our commerce with Great Britain: they demonstrate that the position against which we contend is not a rule of the law of nations: the law of nations ordains no rule which is unequal and unjust.

But still we have other and more forcible objections: the concession which is required would deprive us of many advantages, connected with

our local situation, our enterprize, our wealth, and our fortune; it would require us to divert much of our capital and industry to new employments; it would amount to an abandonment of views, as a commercial people, and might involve us in dangerous controversies, by virtual admission, that any essential articles of supply may, at the pleasure of a belligerent nation, be placed in a state of inhibition, equivalent to being declared contraband of war.

Hitherto we have regarded it as a peculiar felicity incident to our neutral situation, that it was equally beneficial to ourselves, and to all the parties with whom we are connected: the articles exported by us to the enemies of Great Britain, being convenient supplies, promised to secure to our ships in their ports a welcome reception and hospitable treatment. As the direct returns for these exports were inconsiderable, and as the products were almost exclusively remitted to Great Britain, and thereby applied in payment for manufactures purchased on our account, we considered ourselves sure of receiving from them, at least, that degree of protection which was recommended by a regard to mutual interests.

It is, however, with much surprise that we have recently discovered, that the very circumstances upon which our hopes of security were reposed, have been urged as arguments to justify an invasion of our rights, and that, having totally suppressed the external commerce of her enemies, Great Britain is now counselled to appropriate to herself that of her friends. If it be true that, as exporters of certain articles to the ultimate markets, our interests are in collision with hers; yet it ought to be recollected, that it is a particular and minor interest only which suffers, and that the disadvantage is a necessary consequence of her colonial system; that the general results of our commerce are greatly in her favour; that they invigorate her manufacturing interests, which are the great basis of her wealth; and that these interests can never be promoted by the impoverishment of her best customers. Surely the security of neutral rights ought not to diminish as their value is augmented; surely a maritime preponderancy, which enables its possessor to blockade any of the ports of its enemies, conveys no just title to a monopoly of the commerce of the world!

In the list of our complaints we cannot forbear to enumerate the humiliating and oppressive conduct of ships of war, in the vicinity of our coasts and harbours. We respect the principle, and emulate the conduct of Great Britain, in regard to her own jurisdiction, and we wish merely to claim for ourselves the same measure of justice which she exacts from others.

But while we contend that we ought not to be exposed to humiliating inquisitions in the verge of our port, which, by means of secret connections with our city, may be rendered conducive to the indulgence of partiality, favour, or malice, we disavow every wish to divest the belligerent nations of their rights. If, in particular instances, the American flag, and the character of an American merchant, have been prostituted to unworthy purposes, we declare the individuals thus guilty to be our enemies, and we wish not to screen them from the just consequences of their misconduct. We also assert, that a comprehensive view of our commerce affords conclusive evidence, that the proportion which can possibly belong to the enemies of Great Britain is an object unworthy the attention of a great power, especially if, in a rigorous pursuit of its strict rights, it incurs the hazard of forfeiting the esteem of its friends.

If, therefore, the mode in which the American commerce is prosecuted is allowed by the law of nations; if irrefragable evidence arises from our situation, wants, and necessary connections with the rest of the world, that it is almost exclu-

sively grounded on American capital; if the suggestions that we are the mere agents of foreigners are ungenerous insults, contrived as apologies for injuries; if frauds in relation to foreign trusts are not more frequent in this country than in Great Britain; and if no government is able wholly to prevent them; then our conclusion in the present, as in all other cases, ought to be deduced from general facts, and not from particular exceptions. This conclusion is, that the American commerce is one of the great links which connect those interests of civilized nations, which wars ought not to disturb; that to break this link will be to destroy all commerce; and, therefore, that a serious misunderstanding with Great Britain would prove fatal to the most important interests of both countries.

This view of the subject, while it excites our anxiety, furnishes also a resource for our hopes. We wish only for justice; and believing that a commercial nation, which disregards justice, thereby undermines the citadel of her power, we rely on the effect of mutual interests and wishes in promoting a cordial explanation and fair adjustment of every cause of misunderstanding: in particular, we rely on the government of our country, that our rights will not be abandoned, and that no argument in favour of a usurpation will ever be derived from our acquiescence.

If our personal interests and local attachments have not greatly misdirected our opinions, the defenceless situation of the port of New York ought to excite the anxious solicitude of every friend of his country. Our river is the only commercial avenue to a fertile and populous country, which is rapidly rising into importance. It is here that one third of the revenue of the union is collected; and this proportion is understood to be relatively increasing. But while we are grateful for these distinguished advantages of nature, our satisfaction is diminished by reflecting on their insecurity; for in proportion as the resources of the country accumulate to this point, is the hazard, that they may present a temptation to rapacity, and become the prize of violence. Without recurring to the experience of past times for proofs that no nation can long maintain an extensive commerce, without well defended sea ports, and an efficient military marine, we are admonished by the new and portentous aspect of Europe, and the alarming prevalence of piracy in the West Indies, that energetic measures of defence have become indispensably necessary.

We presume not to express any opinion respecting the degree of force, of which the permanent navy ought to consist; and being sensible that delays must attend the construction of suitable defences for our port, we shall rest satisfied when we perceive that these measures are commenced, in a manner and upon a scale which will assure to us an efficient completion.

Such, however, is the present organized force of the United States, that we should consider it inconsistent with the honour, interests, or security of our country, to parley with the pirates of the West Indies, whose conduct being inconsistent with any known rules of lawful warfare, cannot have been authorized by any civilized nation towards another nation, in a state of peace. Our vessels, while pursuing a lawful trade, have been piratically seized, their cargoes have been forcibly taken away and distributed, without even the form of a trial; the vessels in many instances sunk and destroyed, and the crews stripped of all their property: all these outrages have been exercised upon innocent and defenceless men, aggravated by unprecedented circumstances of insult, oppression, and barbarity. Some of these violences have been committed on vessels which were captured within sight of our harbours; and the great scene of these unparalleled enormities is the island of Cuba, which commands

the only avenue by which we preserve a commercial connection with our brethren of the western states: a connection which we cherish with ardour, as a source of mutual advantage, and a bond of permanent union.

But it is not on account of our pecuniary losses alone that we complain. The constancy and valour of the seamen of the United States are justly themes of patriotic exultation. From their connection with us, we consider their cause as our cause, their rights as our rights, and their interests as our interests; our feelings are indignant at the recital of their wrongs; and we request, in addition to the protection of a naval force, that, at least in the American seas, our brave countrymen may be permitted to display their energy in their own defence.

Your memorialists conclude with remarking, that they deem the present situation of public affairs to be peculiarly critical and perilous, and such as requires all the prudence, the wisdom, and energy of government, supported by the co-operation of all good citizens. By mutual exertions, under the benign influence of Providence upon this hitherto favoured nation, we hope the clouds that threaten to obscure its prosperity may be dispelled; and we pledge our united support in favour of all measures adopted to vindicate and secure the just rights of our country.

Signed by the unanimous order, and on behalf of a general meeting of the merchants of the city of New York, convened on the 26th December, 1805.

JOHN BROOME,
Chairman.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMORIAL OF THE CORPORATION OF NEW YORK TO CONGRESS, ON THE SUBJECT OF DEFENCE.

The Memorial of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of New York, most respectfully representeth:

THAT the peculiarly defenceless situation of this city has for a long time occasioned great anxiety among its inhabitants, and that the present critical posture of national affairs has greatly increased this solicitude.

It is well known that we can be approached by hostile vessels in two ways: that frigates of force can proceed through the Sound, totally uninterrupted by any fortifications; that ships of the line can, by way of Sandy Hook, with a favourable wind, arrive here in a few hours from the ocean, and that there is nothing to oppose their progress but a few works on Governor's and Ellis's islands, which are totally inadequate to repel the attacks or prevent the advances of an enemy.

It is equally well known, that this city, in relation to the internal and external commerce and the revenues of the country, is very important to the union; and that it is in a situation the most defenceless of any, must be universally acknowledged.

At the beginning of the revolutionary war, this place was among the first attacked by the enemy; and it is highly probable that, on the commencement of hostilities with a maritime power, the first blow will be aimed at it. Invited by its proximity to the ocean, by its unprotected situation, by its extensive commerce and great wealth, and by the distressing consequences which would result to the revenues and general prosperity of the country, an enemy would have every inducement to make it the earliest and principal object of attack.

Without intending to draw invidious comparisons between this and the other commercial cities of the union, and without presuming to question, in the remotest degree, the sincere disposition of congress to extend the protecting arm of the national government to us, in common with the other citizens of the United States, we have been emboldened by our confidence in your

honourable body, and have been induced by the threatening aspect of our foreign relations, and by our regard for the welfare of this city and its inhabitants, to appeal, in the most earnest manner, to the constitutional guardians of the common defence and general welfare, and most respectfully to pray, that prompt and efficient measures may be taken for putting this city and port in an adequate state of defence.

DE WITT CLINTON,
Mayor.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHO IS THE BEST WRITER?

EVERY superior writer addicts himself to some peculiar manner. Long loved, long pursued, and, at length, obtained, this enamoured object of his passion excludes, by its constancy, every deviation from the established excellence; to dissimilar beauty he often becomes insensible, and he bestows comparative merit on any performance, from its proximity to, or distance from, his favourite manner. Without imputing to them degrading passions, we may thus account for the opposite and erroneous opinions of great men, on their different labours. It is not probable that Milton envied the genius of Dryden, when he contemptuously called him a rhymer; but it is more evident, that Milton's notions of poetry were not congenial to the manner of Dryden. The witty Cowley despised the natural Chaucer; the classical Boileau the rough sublimity of Crebillon; the forcible Corneille the tender Racine; the refined Marivaux the familiar Moliere; the artificial Gray the simple Shenstone; and the plain and unadorned Montaigne the rich and eloquent Cicero. Each, enslaved to his peculiar manner, was incapable of conceiving the diversities of beauty, but attached himself to one single and darling portion.

Whenever an uncommon species of composition appears, which displays a new mode of excellence, and places a new model in the school of taste, the slowest and the last to chaunt their pæans to him will be writers themselves. To envy this cannot always be imputed, but is generally derived from a want of the proper taste for that manner, which taste can only be gradually formed. One reason, perhaps, why writers sometimes are inimical to a foreign excellence, may be attributed to the jealousy of trade, because every new manner is a kind of hostility against those already established. But some men are not always influenced by this prejudice, and yet are equally inimical to the new production.

There are two poets, who, it cannot be denied, have created an original manner, and, at their first appearance in public, met a similar fate among critics. When Gray's Odes were published, they delighted two men of poetical taste, Warburton and Garrick, while they were ridiculed by two men of poetical genius, Colman and Lloyd. At a still later period, Churchill animadverted with severity on the poetry of Gray; and Goldsmith and Johnson were as inimical to that manner as Churchill himself, though by no means admirers of the genius of Churchill. That manner has now become fixed, and is justly valued by men of taste. In neither of these instances can the critics be justly censured; but it may confirm the judicious observation of Johnson, that, after all the refinements of criticism, the final decision must be left to common readers, unperverted by literary prejudices.

The same error frequently induces men, when they contrast their labours with others, to consider themselves as superior, and of course to be stigmatized with the most unreasonable vanity. Goldsmith, for example, might have contrasted his powers with those of Johnson, and, without any perversion of intellect, or inflation of vanity, might consider himself as not

inferior to his more celebrated and learned rival.

Goldsmith might have preferred the felicity of his own genius, which, like a native stream, flowed from a natural source, to the elaborate powers of Johnson, which, in some respect, may be compared to those artificial waters which throw their sparkling currents in the air, to fall into marble basons. He might have considered that he had embellished philosophy with poetical elegance, and have preferred the paintings of his descriptions to the terse versification and the pointed sentences of Johnson. He might have been more pleased with the faithful representations of English manners in his Vicar of Wakefield, than with the borrowed grandeur and the exotic fancy of the oriental Rasselas. He might have believed, what many excellent critics have believed, that in this age comedy requires more genius than tragedy, and, with his audience, he might have infinitely more esteemed his own original humour, than Johnson's rhetorical declamation. He might have thought that with inferior literature he displayed superior genius, and, with less profundity, more gaiety. He might have considered that the facility and vivacity of his pleasing compositions were preferable to that art, that habitual pomp, and that ostentatious eloquence which prevail in the operose labours of Johnson. No one might be more sensible than himself that he, according to the happy expression of Johnson, when his rival was in the grave, "tetigit et ornavit." Goldsmith, therefore, without any singular vanity, might have concluded, from his own reasonings, that he was not an inferior writer to Johnson; all this not having been considered, he has come down to posterity as the vainest and the most jealous of writers; he whose dispositions were the most inoffensive, whose benevolence was the most extensive, and whose amiableness of heart has been concealed by its artlessness, and passed over in the sarcasms and sneers of a more eloquent rival, and his submissive partisans. This character of Goldsmith may explain that species of critical comparison, which one great writer makes of his manner with that of a rival.

We can hardly censure men for this attachment to their favourite excellence. Who but an artist (I use the word in a large and conspicuous sense, in which the votaries of the pen, pencil, and chisel are included) can value the ceaseless inquietudes of arduous perfection; can trace the remote possibilities combined in a close union; the happy arrangement and the striking variation? He not only is affected by the performance like the man of taste, but is influenced by a peculiar sensation, for, while he contemplates the apparent beauties, he often traces in his own mind those invisible corrections, by which the final beauty was accomplished; it is the practical hand alone that is versed in, and the eye of genius alone that can discriminate many daring felicities, many concealments of art, and many difficulties overcome. Hence, it is observed, that artists do not always prefer those effects which influence an unprejudiced and uncorrupted taste; but rather those refinements which form the secret exultation of art; and the minuter excellences which consist in the mechanical, as a certain critic terms it, are often preferred to those more elevated ones which arise from the ideal. It is this indulgence for refinement which at length terminates in the corruption of art.

But a disposition for selecting one branch of art in preference to another, is perhaps the only road to its summit. We must not, therefore, calumniate artists if they neglect the various schools of beauty. It is not difficult for a man of taste, whose hand reposes while his head ever thinks; whose creative powers are at rest, but whose perceptive faculties are habitually exerted; and who, in the tranquillity of his closet, has only to gaze at pictures, but not to blend colours, and

to meditate on poems, but not to compose verses; it is not difficult for this elegant idler to form the most various views of beauty in art; to trace with the same lively gratification its diversities, and to feel no displeasure from the most incongruous manners. Such a one may be supposed to hover with ecstasy round the ideal of a Raphael, and a Pope, or to mix with the grotesque caricatures of a Hogarth or a Butler. This versatility of taste is generally denied to the man of genius; and while men of taste are often unanimous in their opinions, we shall frequently observe that the greatest artists give the most discordant decisions. Johnson said that his notions on manuscripts proved generally erroneous; and this circumstance has happened to many eminent writers.

It would therefore seem that the most unfit person to decide on a performance is an artist himself; and that the genuine merits of a work are candidly adjusted and correctly estimated by men of taste, and rarely by men of genius; and this opinion I hold, though with much diffidence, in opposition to one who was both artist and critic. Dr. Burney, in his Life of Metastasio, says, "It is possible for a man of learning, study, and natural acumen, to be a good critic on the works of others, without genius for producing original works themselves, similar to those which they were able to censure: as was the case with Longinus, Bentley, Bossu, and others; yet still, *cæteris paribus*, the opinion of practical poets and practical artists of every kind will have more weight in the scale of criticism than those of mere theorists."

P.

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON STYLE.

THE history of English style, since the birth of its first elegance, may, perhaps, be traced in the following concise manner.

When national literature has attained a certain point, there arises a simple elegance of style, which, in its further progress, displays richer ornaments, and often becomes refined to a vicious excess. It may be traced through four stages or schools.

The first writers who attempt elegance, and polish the asperities of language, excel in natural sweetness and amiable simplicity. But the style is not yet disciplined, for it still retains many colloquial terms, and many negligent expressions, which either were not such in the writer's day, or his ear, not yet accustomed to uniform elegance, received no pain from familiar and unstudied expressions. In time, these defects became visible; yet, as these writers are placed among the first classics of their nation, they are regarded with veneration, and often pointed out as models to young writers. Among such authors we may place Tillotson, Swift, and Addison.

The second school introduces a more diffuse and verbose manner: these writers solicit the ear by a numerous prose, and expand their ideas on a glittering surface. As elegance can only be obtained by diffusion, its concomitant is feebleness, and an elegant writer enervates his sentiments. Beauty is inconsistent with force. Elevated emotions these writers rarely awaken, but a graceful manner in composition is their peculiar charm. Their genius may be supposed to be somewhat impaired by the excursions of their predecessors, and they attempt to supply, by the charms of amenity, and a copious diffusion of beautiful expression, the demand for novelty, as well as that taste for elegance of diction, which the public now possess. Among these pleasing writers may be ranked sir William Temple, Usher, Melmoth, and many others.

Satiated with nerveless beauty and protracted periods, a third

school appears, the votaries of artificial embellishment and elaborate diction; at once magisterially pompous and familiarly pointed; concise and swelling; sparkling and solid; massy and light. Sometimes they condense ideas, by throwing into one vast thought several intermediate ones; sometimes their rotundity of period is so arranged, that the mind, with the ear, seems to rise on a regular acclivity. The glare of art betrays itself; while sometimes the thoughts are more subtile than substantial, more airy than penetrating; the expressions new, and the ideas old. This school abounds with mannerists; such are Johnson, Hawkesworth, Robertson, and Gibbon.

When this taste for ornamented prose prevails, a fourth school arises, composed of a humbler race; a generation of imitators. As it is less difficult to collect words than to create ideas, this race becomes versed in all the mysteries of diction; trivial thoughts are ridiculously invested by magnificent expressions; and they consider that blending the most glaring colours, without harmony or design, is an evidence of higher art. They colour like the distracted painter in Bedlam, who delighted in landscapes of golden earths and vermilion skies. They tell us that their colours are vivid, and we only perceive that they are bestowed upon chimeras. These fantastic novelties flourish in the warmth of a fashionable circle, but once placed in the open air, are killed by the popular gale. Writers of this class are not to be mentioned, as they are all dead *authors*, though, as men, they may still live.

Every period of literature has its peculiar style, derived from some author of reputation; and the history of a language, as an object of taste, might be traced, as has been attempted by Godwin, through a collection of ample quotations, from the most celebrated authors of each period. We should as rarely find an original style as an original genius, and we should be enabled to perceive the almost insensible variations which at length produce an original style.

Those who have long been attached to the first school of natural elegance, with all its imperfections, abhor the ostentatious opulence of the third, and are more inclined to favour the second. Thus Cicero complains that he was reproached by his contemporaries for too florid a style; yet afterwards, in Quintilian's time, the style of Cicero is censured for dryness and deficiency of ornament. Such is the usual progress of style in every literary nation; and if we insert the name of Addison instead of Cicero, and Johnson instead of Quintilian, it becomes our own.

The third school is, however, the most popular, for the public has greater refinement than in the preceding periods.

Some distinguish between taste and refinement; this distinction is not very obvious. Refinement is only a superior taste, according to those who are fond of embellished diction; but it is considered as a vicious taste, by the advocates for simplicity of language. They differ in their acceptation of the term, and the former therefore smile, when the latter censure refinement of diction.

Refinement in style is of no remote date. The prose of Pope is nearly as refined as his verse; and this taste he appears to have borrowed from some of the French writers, particularly from Fontenelle, whose reputation was then very high, and who has carried the *bel esprit* to its finest excess. By the *bel esprit* is meant a manner of writing which displays unexpected turns of thought; the art of half concealing a sentiment, that the reader may have the pleasure of guessing it; brilliant allusions, epigrammatic points, and delicate strokes: a mode of writing as dangerous as pleasing, yet adapted to concise compositions. No prosaic writer, in Pope's day, approached

his refinement; the best writers then, and for some time after, are blemished with colloquial barbarisms and feeble expressions. Steele, Tillotson, and others, have written with a slovenly carelessness; Addison and Dryden delight by an agreeableness of manner. When Addison describes the powers of beauty, his suavity, grace, and mellifluence give new conceptions of our language; and Dryden has mellow richness, enchanting negligence, and facility of thought. They alike threw into their style a gaiety of fancy, which is equivalent to all the charms of refined expression, and yet are they by no means free from impurities of style. To Johnson may be attributed the establishment of our present refinement; and it is with truth he observes of his Rambler, "that he had laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations, and that he has added to the elegance of its construction, and to the harmony of its cadence." This refinement in style Johnson appears partly to have borrowed from the most elegant French writers, whose beauties he has sometimes transposed and frequently imitated, as Gibbon and Hume have more evidently done. All the refinements of style exist among that refining people, and the Lectures of Blair are often judicious repetitions of what may be found in their critics, or happy examples which are drawn from their writers.

Refinement in style, with many, includes in the very term a censurable quality in composition. But this criticism is unjust. Refinement may indeed be vicious, as simplicity may be; refinement is not less offensive to a reader of taste, when it rises into affectation, than simplicity sinking into insipidity. But we must not confound refinement of style with its puerile excess, nor is it just to censure refinement because it differs from simplicity.

Amidst these complications of taste some argue in favour of a natural style, and reiterate the opinion of many great critics, that proper ideas will be accompanied by proper words. But this observation, though supported by the first authorities, is not perhaps sufficiently clear. Writers may think justly and write offensively; and a pleasing style may accompany a vacuity of thought. Does not this evident fact prove that style and thinking have not that inseparable connection which many great writers have pronounced? Milton perhaps imagined that his beautiful thoughts were naturally allied to beautiful expression when he says,

> Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
> Harmonious numbers.

But are there not beautiful conceptions which may not voluntary move beautiful expressions? Writing is justly called an art; and experience confirms what Rousseau says, that it is not an art easily acquired. Thinking may be the foundation of style; but it is not the superstructure; it is not the ornaments. The art of presenting our thoughts to others is often a work of some time and labour; and the delicate task of correction, reserved only for writers of fine taste, proves that there are several modes of clothing ideas; vulgar readers are only susceptible of rough and palpable strokes; but there are many shades of sentiment, which to seize on and to paint is the pride and the labour of a fine writer.

In the third school we observe a race of writers who may be called mannerists in style. Such writers, however great their powers, rather excite the admiration than the affection of a man of taste; because their habitual art dissipates that illusion of sincerity which we love to believe is the impulse which places the pen in the hand of an author. Two eminent literary mannerists are Cicero and Johnson. We know these great men considered their eloquence as a deceptive art; of any subject it had been indifferent

to them which side to adopt; and, in reading their elaborate works, our ear is more frequently gratified by the ambitious magnificence of their diction, than our heart penetrated by the pathetic enthusiasm of their sentiments.

The sophistry of Johnson in conversation appears to have been his favourite amusement; but Cicero is more censurable, since, in the most solemn acts of life, and before the tribunal of justice, he confesses to have protected and saved the life of many a criminal by the power of his eloquence. This, indeed, will be considered as no crime in modern courts, where, without his eloquence, they share his guilt. Plutarch gives one anecdote relative to the orator's exultation. He said to Munatius, "Dost thou think thou wast acquitted for thy own sake, and not because I threw a veil over thy manifest crimes, so that the court could not perceive thy guilt?"

Writers who are not mannerists, but who seize the appropriate tone of their subject, appear to feel a conviction of what they attempt to persuade their reader. It is impossible to imitate with uniform felicity the noble simplicity of a pathetic writer; while the peculiarities of a mannerist are so far from being difficult, that they are displayed with nice exactness by middling writers, who, though their own natural manner had nothing interesting, have attracted notice by such imitations. We may apply to some monotonous mannerists these verses of Boileau:

Voulez vous du public meriter les amours?
Sans cesse en ecrivant varier vos discours.
On lit peu ces auteurs nés pour nous ennuier,
Qui toujours sur un ton semblent psalmodier.

Would you the public's envied favours gain?
Ceaseless in writing, variegate the strain;
The heavy author who the fancy calms,
Seems in one tone to chaunt his nasal psalms.

It may perhaps surprise some, that, among the literary refinements of the present age, may be counted above forty different styles, as appears by a rhetorical dictionary. The facility of acquiring a style produces our numerous authors; and hence we abound with writers, but have few thinkers. A style deficient in thought cannot form a perfect composition; for we may compare style to the mechanic or executive part of painting, while thinking is the fine ideal or inventive. And this distinction, if just, will settle a question long agitated, whether there is any distinction between style and thought. Raphael, who excelled in the ideal, was not so perfect in some part of the mechanic as Titian; and we might venture to say, that Johnson, who excelled in the mechanic, did not equal the ideal of Addison.

Webb, an advocate for simplicity, has two lines on the style of Hooker, the last of which has great felicity of conception:

Thy language is chaste, without aims or pretence;
'Tis a sweetness of breath from a soundness of sense.

He censures refinement as a studied advantage in the manner, without an adequate motive in the thought. Allison considers every composition as defective, in which the expression of the art is more striking than the expression of the subject, or in which the beauty of design prevails over the beauty of character or expression. A judicious critic would not have the style withdraw the attention from the thought.

I mean not to oppose the warm admirers of simplicity. A beautiful simplicity itself is a species of refinement; and no writer more solicitously corrected his works than Hume, who excels in this mode of composition. But is it not an evident error in men of taste to form a passion for any peculiar style, since all the intermediate species of diction between simplicity and refine-

ment are equally beautiful when they are suitable to the subject? We often enquire if an author's style is beautiful or sublime; we should rather desire to know whether it is proper. These varieties of diction, which the advocates for simplicity consider as so many aberrations from rectitude of thinking, form, on the contrary, the very existence of just thought. Simplicity, however pure, can never cause the strong emotions of an ornamented diction; an ornamented diction can never give the rapid and lively graces of gaiety; nor can a rapid style embellish flowery and brilliant conceptions. Every style is excellent if it be proper, and that style is most proper which can best convey the intentions of the author to his reader.

There appears, in every style, a certain point, beyond which, or which not attained, it is defective. The simplicity of the first school degenerates into frigidity and vapidness; the beauty of the second protracts into languor and tediousness; and the grandeur of the third swells into turgidity and vacuity. But though this point may be difficult to describe, a fine *tact* long practised instantaneously discovers it. We soon decide on the style of an author, but not on his thoughts; and we often find that the one may be excellent, while the other has nothing uncommon.

Hume, who has all the refinement of simplicity, highly approves of Addison's definition of fine writing, who says, that it consists of sentiments which are natural, without being obvious. This is surely no definition of fine writing, but of fine thinking. The elegant author has omitted the magical graces of diction; the modulation of harmonious cadences; the art of expressing, with delicacy, delicate ideas, and painting sublime conceptions in the magnificence of language. Shenstone has hit upon the truth, for fine writing he defines to be generally the effect of spontaneous thoughts and a laboured style. Addison was not insensible to these charms, and he felt the seductive art of Cicero when he said, that "there is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun." This is not less true than finely expressed; and what shows style to be independent of thinking is, that even common thoughts are found to give pleasure, when adorned by expression.

I must therefore dissent from the admired definition of Addison, because it does not define its object. In this age of taste, or refinement if you please, a composition which should consist of natural, yet not obvious, sentiments. would fail to attract, if unadorned by the felicities of diction. Simplicity may be too obvious, and refinement too obtrusive; whatever is obvious disgusts, whatever is obtrusive offends. We may apply to style in general the beautiful description which Milton gives of Eve presenting herself to Adam,

Not OBVIOUS, not OBTRUSIVE she.

It appears that the advocates for simplicity of style are not sufficiently sensible to the varieties of diction. What would they think if we should venture to say, that style may have a marvellous influence over the human mind? Longinus makes a musical arrangement of words a part of the sublime; and he adds, that many have acquired the reputation of fine writers, whose chief merit consisted in the charm of their periods. This observation every man of taste knows to be just. We have writers who, without exhibiting much vigour of conception, or energy of genius, delight by a magical delicacy. Such a writer is Melmoth, whose style, in Fitzosborne's Letters, has peculiar suavity and amenity, without either depth of thinking or vigour of expression;

and their merits were, therefore, entirely lost on the athletic powers, and the artificial taste for style, of Johnson, who spoke with contempt of those beautiful compositions. An eloquent style has a pathetic influence on the mind. Men of taste, who are unbiassed by any particular style, can alone be sensible to its finest strokes, and are often in raptures when others are insensible. The practised eye in painting sees pictures the uninitiated can never behold. An ancient artist, contemplating the famous Helen of Zeuxis, felt all the enthusiasm of extreme sensibility; when another wondered at his raptures he said, "Could you take my eyes, you would be as much delighted."

After all, it is style alone by which posterity will judge of a great work, for an author can have nothing truly his own but his style; facts, scientific discoveries, and every kind of information, may be seized by all, but an author's diction cannot be taken from him. Hence, very learned writers have been neglected, while their learning has not been lost to the world, by having been given by finer writers. It is, therefore, the duty of an author to learn to write as well as to learn to think; and this art can alone be obtained by familiarising himself to those felicitous expressions which paint and embellish his sensations, which give a tone congruous to the subject, and which invest our thoughts with all the illusion, the beauty, and motion of lively perception or pathetic eloquence.

Q.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. VII.

January 1st, 1806.

THE new year has just commenced; I am awake at the very moment when the end of the last and the beginning of this unite; I hear the loud noise of guns fired in celebrating the beginning of this important period. To many, this seems to be a joyful occasion. Can they be glad that another year of their lives is gone? Do they rejoice that the "life's fitful fever" approaches nearer to its termination? or are they happy that one more year of enjoyment has passed, and another is probably begun? Perhaps they delight in the prospect of another year, which hope promises to produce more enjoyment than the preceding; perhaps they are joyful and grateful for having successfully combated all the difficulties which marked its progress; perhaps they celebrate it from the antiquity of the custom; and, perhaps, from all these motives combined. The most ancient nations, of whom history has preserved any traces, seem to have celebrated the return of certain fixed periods. It is, perhaps, useless to enquire into the origin of this custom; yet we know it is still followed by those who value ancient customs more than the dictates of good sense. It is easy to account for the celebration of the return of certain periods. There are some which bring to the mind some pleasing remembrance; the birth of a son, the day of marriage, the salvation of a state, a great victory over its enemies, a providential deliverance from calamity, or its emancipation from bondage. Thus the Swiss preserve the remembrance of many eventful portions of their history, and thus we recal that day to recollection which gave us birth as an independent people. In cases like these, the adherence to an ancient custom is subservient to useful purposes; but whether there is a good reason, and a natural one, for celebrating the beginning of a year, or not, I am unable to say, and too indolent to enquire.

I hear the bells, in joyful jingle, welcoming that stranger, whose life has just commenced, and whose end is fixed in the records of that bald, winged, imaginary being, whose

slow, but steady flight, mortals disregard till it is nearly ended.

But to what thinking being does not this returning æra bring reflections of a serious nature? reflections which, for a time, cannot fail to produce a most salutary effect: for my own part, I feel disposed to indulge a train of serious and solemn thoughts on this occasion; I feel the most lively emotion of gratitude for the ills I have escaped, for the benefits I have received, and the experience I have gained during that period whose end I have just witnessed; and, while I congratulate myself, I cannot help remembering my country; I compare its situation with that of others; I see it still enjoying the blessings of peace and liberty, while these are suffering all the horrors and all the miseries of war, and groaning beneath the iron yoke of oppression: I compare my native land to a person standing on the margin of the storm-vexed ocean, who sees the mariner's vessel beaten by the restless billows, and driven along at the mercy of the blast, while he views the scene with pity for the woes of others, and gratitude for his own security.

But when reflection recals the remembrance of the many errors I have committed, which cannot now be repaired; the prodigal waste I have made of those moments which can never return; the resolutions I have made at every beginning of this important portion of the little life of man; when I propose to amend my life and conduct, &c.; while wishing to be able to put in execution every virtuous resolve; memory holds up to view the vows I made at the commencement of the last year; tells me they have been slighted, neglected, forgotten: I feel mortified at the imbecility of human nature, and the vanity of human resolutions.

When I remember that the year which is just gone is numbered with those which have previously occupied the immeasurable abyss of eternity; that at its beginning it appeared so long, its end so very remote, and is now already passed away; that another considerable portion of my life is elapsed, and I proportionably nearer to that period when I shall cease to be; how unprepared I am for that awful change; can I be altogether joyous on the occasion? does there not appear to be more cause for humility than exultation, for gravity than rejoicing, and for self-examination than carelessness and levity.

But it will be said, I am indulging egotism; true: nevertheless, while describing the effect which certain agents produce by their action on my mind, I likewise describe their effects on those of many others; not that all minds are alike, but, I think I can venture to say, they resemble each other as much as faces; and while among millions we can scarcely find two exactly alike, yet we find ourselves at a loss to describe the difference. The reason why all do not reflect in the same serious manner on occasions like the present, is not because they have not the power of reflection, but because they do not exercise it. A thousand causes may contribute to banish thought, or lead it to dwell on subjects of a lighter nature; but if any one sits down and estimates the reasons why he should be grave or gay, he will find the most weighty to rest with the former.

Among other causes for serious reflections, and even for those of a mournful cast, is the recollection of those friends who commenced the last year with us, some of whom are, perhaps, lost to us by the difference of their pursuits, some separated by the common incidents of life, some by the loss of that purity of character which once adorned them, some by our own folly and ill treatment, our own disregard to those virtuous principles, that fidelity, that sincerity, which marked the early stages of our friendship, and some who were then fresh and blooming, alive to all the blessings of life, and are now laid in the cold and silent mansions of the dead; when, to the severity of our losses this way, we add

the reflection, that we are all hastening to that quiet and undisturbed retreat of "busy bustling man," where all the passions, which once agitated and tormented him, are laid for ever at rest, that, even before this year is completed, we may be "gathered unto our fathers," or witness the departure of many of our friends, who now rejoice at its commencement, but will never behold its termination, every gay thought then vanishes, and reflection rests solely on the most momentous subjects.

Of what service can your Reflectors be to the world, says my gay friend Lycario, if, instead of amusing your readers, you only lead them to reflect on such mournful subjects. You had better let those who can, rejoice in peace. According to your own account, there is but little occasion for rejoicing. But what does this signify? If you see a person who can be pleased with a rattle, would you take it from him, or enter into a sober discussion upon the trifling nature of his amusement? would you tell him there is no music, no harmony, in the noise it makes? If you did, you would spend your time to little purpose; and, when you had convinced him, you would then deprive him of an innocent pleasure. If I wrote Reflectors, I would select gayer subjects, or I would treat the one you have now chosen in a more lively manner. You shall then write one for me, said I. He agreed; and, if my friend keeps his word, my readers will, probably, be consoled for the solemnity of this, by the gaiety of the next paper.

VALVERDI.

For the Literary Magazine.

VARIETIES.

Adventures of a Picture.

A PAINTING, which had been for some years at a broker's shop in Lewes, England, for sale, was lately purchased by Mr. Dunn, of the Star inn, who paid a guinea for it, and caused it to be hung up to cover a blank space on one of his staircases. In this situation, the picture was seen by a connoisseur, who purchased it of the landlord for 15 guineas, and he is said to have since diposed of it for 700l. This picture, which is accounted one of the best productions of the pencil of Rubens, or of his equally eminent disciple, Vandyke, is the portrait of a lady of a noble English family, and her two children, in the costume of the middle of the 17th century; and, although it has of late years been through a variety of hands, and sold, by some, at so low a price as half a crown, it is still in good preservation.

Liverpool Society.

In addition to the literary and scientific establishments already existing in Liverpool, a society has just been instituted, which, if actively supported, cannot fail to advance the progress of some of the most important branches of human knowledge. The principal subjects to which the society proposes to direct its investigations, are medicine, anatomy, and chemistry, as well as physics in general, and occasionally every branch of natural philosophy. The establishment will be conducted on nearly the same plan as the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, and other institutions of a similar nature. The members propose to assemble once a fortnight, and at each meeting the subjects of the succeeding night's discussion is to be proposed and approved. The question is to be opened by a written memoir, to be produced and read by any of the members, after which, the investigation is to be continued by the oral communications of such persons as chuse to deliver their opinions. Most of the principal gentlemen of the faculty in town, and some others of distinguished talents, have already offered their support, and there can be no doubt but that the society will become in

a short time eminently useful in the increase and diffusion of valuable science.

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A new Use of Fire.

Mr. M. Gregson, of Liverpool, has lately published the result of some interesting investigations relative to the uses of articles consumed by public fires. He collected from the ruins of the warehouses destroyed by the great fire of Liverpool, in 1802, a quantity of wheat, burnt sugar, rice, flour, and cotton; the sugar he reduced to a fine powder, and made into a water colour paint; it also answered as a varnish ground, an oil colour, and a printing ink. The burnt wheat answered the same purposes; and the fine American flour he made into excellent paste. Thus, though the articles damaged by the above fire sold for little more than 13,000l., Mr. G. expresses his conviction, that had his method been adopted, a saving of 44,000l. might have been made upon the grain alone. The Society of Arts have voted him their gold medal for his observations.

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English Inland Navigation.

Nearly all the great works on the important and extensive line of inland navigation of England, the Grand Junction Canal, are now completed. The stupendous embankment between Woolverton and Cosgrove, near Stoney Stratford, is now opened for the use of the trade; by this great work nine locks by its side, four down and five up, are avoided, and one level sheet of water is formed, from Stoke-Bruern, to some miles south of Fenny Stratford, as well as on the Buckingham branch, extending to within a mile of that town. The arches under this embankment for the passage of the Ouse river, which were said to be sinking soon after the centres were struck, have happily proved sufficient, and the embankment seems to possess great stability. The branch and iron railway that is to conect the Grand Junction Canal with the New River at the town of Northampton, as also with the Leicestershire and Northamptonshire Union Canal, are proceeding with great spirit. This new junction is expected to prove of great importance to Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, and all the adjoining counties, as well as to the company, who now, under new and happier auspices, seem to be rapidly retrieving their affairs.

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The fleeces of Spanish or Merino sheep are not debased in quality by the English climate, as has been satisfactorily proved by Dr. Parry and Mr. Tollett; the importation of Spanish wool was become uncertain, and the price greatly enhanced. The quantily imported in 1800 was upwards of 8,090,000lb.; in 1803 it had declined to 4,700,000lb.; but had again risen in 1804 to upwards of 7,000,000lb.; and in the course of the year 1805 the importation had been considerably short of the last in the corresponding months.

Mr. Tollett, who has sheep from his majesty's flock, has sold their wool at 6s. 4d. per lb. when brought to the state of imported Spanish wool, and had sold his fleeces entire at 4s. 3d. per lb. In a political point of view, it is highly desirable to save the large sums which are paid to foreigners for wool; the value of Spanish wool, rated at the custom-house price of 3s. 6d. per pound, amounts to upwards of 620,000l. per ann. The increased price within a few years has promoted the improvements of the quality of the English wool.

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Population of Dublin.

From an Essay on Population recently published, by the Rev. Mr. Whitelaw, which the author affirms to be the result of an actual survey, taken in 1798, with great care and precision, and comprehending the

general returns of the district committees in 1804, it appears, that in 1798, the total population of the city of Dublin including the garrison was 182,370, and that in 1804 it amounted exclusive of the garrison to 167,899. At the former period the number of inhabited houses was 16,401, and at the latter 15,645; consequently the return of 1798 exceeds that of 1804 by 756 houses. From Mr. Whitelaw's lists it likewise appears that there is a majority of 20,247 females.

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Agricultural Exploit.

Wm. Brooks, a respectable farmer at Aylesbury, England, lately undertook to plough an acre and a half of clover ley, chain measure, in 8 hours. Considerable wagers were depending, which were decided in favour of Mr. Brooks, who performed it in six hours and ten minutes with the old Buckinghamshire foot-plough, drawn by four horses at length. Mr. B. continued for an hour and eight minutes longer, in which time he ploughed a rood and seven poles more. The ploughing was done to the entire satisfaction of the judges, amidst a numerous concourse of spectators.

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Threshing Machine.

At a late annual show of cattle in Sussex, England, Mr. Lester, of Piccadilly, exhibited his new portable hand threshing machine, which is so great an improvement on the one he exhibited there last year, that compared with it, one man will do as much work as a horse, which was verified by the following trial against time. One man working the machine threshed five sheaves of wheat in five minutes; the straw of which weighed thirty-one pounds, yielding one gallon and three quarts of wheat. This machine, which is the first that has been made of the kind, will do nearly double the above work when driven by a horse.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ADVERSARIA,

Or Winter Evening Amusements.

NO. XIII.

MY studies this evening afford me a character, which I am confident the ladies will admire, and I therefore hope the sighing Strephons will endeavour to imitate it.

A lady, upon being reproached with insensibility, and an unnatural coldness of disposition, made the following reply. It may be added, that the original is in the French language.

The austere coldness and insensibility you reproach me with, and perhaps think a constitutional defect, is neither the effect of prudery, nor the melancholy scruples of a silly saint. Believe me above such little motives of action; believe that my blood often circulates with rapidity; believe that I know there is but one spring in the year of life, and that love is combined with and attached to humanity; nay, I will even permit you to believe that Cupid, in certain attire, has as many charms in my eyes as in those of the rest of my sex; yet, after all these confessions, which I make with pleasure and openness, as artifice and disguise are only the refuge of little minds, for which I have no occasion, I tell you, that, as much as I honour love, *I despise lovers*, and detest their perfidious flames, their deceitful arts, with their false vows, alas! often but too much credited by our amiable and credulous sex, merely because they feel no trace of such perfidy in their own gentle bosoms.

But if you would see my frigid system vanish into air, let Fortune throw into my way such a man as my imagination sometimes creates, and whom I am afraid is only to be found there:—however, take my mental picture of him.

He must have a gentle though lively temper, to hide a strong and masculine mind.

His expressions of attachment must neither be dictated by avarice nor vanity, but proceed directly from a feeling heart.

He must be well informed without pretensions, serious without melancholy, free without licentiousness, and, in short, carry nothing to excess but love and prudence; nay, he may charm all my sex, and adore —but me.

He must hide his passion in public, as I desire no other proofs of it there but *a passing glance* to convey the feelings of his heart, which nobody must observe but me.

In private he may make up for public restraint, by breathing a chaste and delicate passion; and, if he merit it, he may probably hear of a reciprocal flame, pure as the love that fans it.

To render this union of heart more durable, he must be my guide, my friend, my counsellor, and my lover, so that, when near him, my mind may acquire elevation and grandeur.

Yes, I confess it, should Fortune throw such a man in my way, my coldness would vanish at his approach, like snow in sunshine, and I would accompany his footsteps at all times, and in all places; but whether in a cottage or a palace, I would never deign to bestow a thought.

Till that idol of my heart and mind be realized, I desire not to please, and shall persevere in my coldness, which never cost me an effort.

The group of admirers whom my feeble charms attract are not flattering to me; I despise their sentiments, with their little arts to please, and yawn at their incense.

Let them seek the weak and the vain, who will listen to their sighs and sufferings; the zephyr bends the reed, but has no effect on the steady oak.

Few writers have thrown more light on the ancient history of England than the famous FROISSART. His chronicle commences with the accession of Edward III, and ends with the death of Richard II, comprising a period of seventy-three years. Like almost every other writer, he has numerous and obvious imperfections. But what Plutarch has remarked of a passage in Xenophon may, with equal justice, be applied to this author. Froissart does not describe a march, a battle, a siege, or a pursuit, but he places them before our eyes. By the first stroke of his artless yet magic pen, we are transported into the tumult of action, and forget that we continue in the closet. He has not, indeed, attempted the higher walks of eloquence. He is neither a Thucydides nor a Sallust, nor does he display the judgment and accuracy of Polybius, but he deserves to be termed the Xenophon of his age. Replete with materials, it is true that he has inserted a multiplicity of particulars, which are no longer interesting at the distance of four centuries; but, wherever his subject rises equal to his abilities, full without redundancy, intelligent and instructive without ostentation, he charms by that pathetic simplicity of manner, that minute but happy selection of circumstances, which animates the page of the admired Athenian. Nor is it the least honourable part of his praise, that he appears to have been entirely divested of national and of personal prejudice, and that, without any vestige of parade or ostentation, he frequently discovers the traces of a heart tenderly alive to the softer feelings.

While we are hourly oppressed with a fresh multitude of insipid compilations from compilations, we are in the most serious danger of forgetting the very existence of those inestimable writers from whom all our sources of information are originally derived. Of the numerous treatises on Roman affairs, which

English, and, still more, French idleness has dragged into light, a numberless majority make not the most distant approaches to classical merit; and yet of the greater part of Greek and Roman historians, an entire and decent translation will be sought for in vain in either language. After such mournful evidence of our stupidity, it is hopeless to add, that an accurate version of Froissart would be an important acquisition to the literary world.

His memoirs exhibit a beautiful portion of feudal history; and the liberal mind will observe, with peculiar pleasure, that they are not deformed by the madness of theological rancour. They do not exhibit the horrid farce of nations exterminating each other for antiquated systems of faith, in the wildest degree absurd, or absolutely unintelligible. This venerable veteran was not to disgust us by the detail of controversies and of martyrdoms, where learning is frivolity, and fortitude at best but the frenzy of ignorance. Nor were a cock-fight and a card-table, a masquerade and a horse-race, to limit the amusements and ambition of a brave and proud nobility. Neither his father nor his fellow-soldiers would have admired his magnanimity. Glowing with the most exalted sentiments of personal independence and heroic fame, it was to vindicate the importance of his family, or the beauty of his mistress, that the knight couched his lance, and rushed into the field. The rough but manly features of the soul displayed an interesting dignity; the passions blazed into their wildest effort; and, though reason and humanity cannot always approve, the tear of sensibility and the eye of curiosity, twinkling by the midnight lamp, attest what we admire.

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Allan Ramsay certainly deserves to be placed first in the rank of Scottish poets. He appears to have studied Dryden with much attention, since his verses flow with the most pleasing volubility. A vein of solid good sense, a nice discrimination of character, a nervous elegance, and a pathetic simplicity of expression; in a word, the genuine language of nature, of passion, and of poetry, place his pastoral comedy of the Gentle Shepherd almost beyond our praise. From the closet of the philosopher to the maid at her distaff, the poet's eloquence enraptures every heart, and irresistibly commands our tears. It is true that here are no licentious tales, no amorous suicides, no wire-drawn soliloquies, no pedantic ill-pointed epithets, no raving despot, such as never existed but in the distempered fancy of modern dramatists.

But the Gentle Shepherd does not rest its reputation on the caprice of a theatrical audience. Were all the copies of Ramsay's comedy destroyed, the grateful memories of his countrymen would eagerly supply the loss. Many of his readers have almost the whole poem by heart, and what other Scottish author can boast such indelible admiration?

It deserves to be remembered, that the first circulating library in Scotland was kept by Allan Ramsay. He frequently mentions his original profession, and, to those who are weak enough to despise it, we may reply, that Ramsay "was not a man who could become mean by a mean employment."

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Shakespeare has a thought in one of his plays, which appears to have pleased him so much that he has twice imitated it.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.
Titus Andronicus.

She's beautiful, and therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
First Part of Henry VI.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
Richard III.

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The pleasure derived from a taste for reading can be estimated only by those who possess it. What more delightful than to know that, in every vicissitude of fortune to which fate has doomed us, we shall still find a friend. In the deepest gloom of adversity, or amid the transports of joy, a book will teach the resignation of fortitude, or give a proper degree of moderation to the ebullitions of mirth. With such a taste, properly regulated, we shall be constantly surrounded by companions, who never leave us until we are weary, and who will return with alacrity at our call. They inform, they amuse and instruct, by relating the habits and manners of their various countries; they teach us how kingdoms have been subverted and heroes exalted; they hold out a beacon to caution us against the impetuosity of the zealot, and the hypocrisy of the patriot; and, if we would listen to the voice of the muse, we are conducted to the fragrant bowers, where they breathe their sweetest inspirations.

Selden has well observed, that "patience is the chiefest fruit of study. A man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men by much reading, gains his chiefest good, that, in all fortunes, he hath something to entertain and comfort himself withal."

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Darkness is a great aid to thinking. This will appear from what most men experience relative to their thoughts during the night. The silence and obscurity of the midnight hour are most friendly to abstraction, and often when sleep forsakes us, and we muse, our thoughts surprise by the vividness of fancy. If, at that moment, in the words of an elegant poet, we do not

"Snatch the faithless fugitives to light,"

if memory does not chain the children of imagination, they are scattered, and fly the beams of the morning. It is in that unregarded period of our existence that men of moderate capacities feel an extraordinary expansion, and men of genius some of their most original and felicitous conceptions.

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Leonard Welsted was one of the heroes of the Dunciad; but the acrimony of Pope was too bitter when directed against this young poet. He is the author of some imitations of Horace, which evince talents very superior to those of a dunce. His ode, "The Genius," would not disgrace the pen of any writer; it is really sublime.

I think it probable that Thomson derived the hint of his charming episode of "Damon and Musidora" from a love tale of Welsted's, called "Acon and Lavinia." The very happy and comprehensive praise of the maid, who was, "when unadorned, adorned the most," was certainly suggested by the following lines:

The Persian loom and glittering tissue scorn'd,
She boasts more envied graces unadorn'd;
No aid from cost she needs; for Nature's care,
With a free hand, indulg'd her to be fair.

Acon and Lavinia.

I. E. H.

Baltimore.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANYTE.

BESIDES Sappho and Erinne, seven other names of female poets are mentioned in an epigram by Antipater of Thessalonica, who compliments the fair assembly with the title of the earthly muses. Of these, Anyte receives the honourable title of the female Homer. We cannot judge of the propriety of this ap-

pellation by the little poems which are transmitted to us in the Anthologia; but I will present two or three specimens of these, in order to give the English reader as much knowledge of her merit as it is possible at this time to obtain.

ON A STATUE OF VENUS ON THE SEA COAST.

Cythera, from this craggy steep,
Looks downward on the glassy deep,
And hither calls the breathing gale,
Propitious to the vent'rous sail;
While Ocean flows beneath serene,
Aw'd by the smile of Beauty's queen.

In this sad tomb, where Phillida is laid,
Her mother oft invokes the gentle shade,
And calls, in hopeless grief, on her who died
In the full bloom of youth and beauty's pride,
Who left, a virgin, the bright realms of day,
On gloomy Acheron's pale coasts to stray.

It will strike every reader as a remarkable circumstance, that the subject of the foregoing epigram, melancholy and poetical as it is in itself, should have proved the theme of so many epigrams, especially of the female poets of Greece. Out of the very few pieces preserved of Sappho and Erinne, no less than four are elegies on the premature fate of some fair companion of their youth. There are two or three more by Anyte to the same purpose. The following has some little variety:

Unblest Antibia calls this mournful strain,
The loveliest virgin of Diana's train.
Gay gallant youths ador'd her as their god,
And lordly suitors waited on her nod;
But, to resist the power of Fate, how vain
Is Beauty! Flow afresh my mournful strain!

N.

For the Literary Magazine.

HISTORICAL CHARACTERS ARE FALSE REPRESENTATIONS OF NATURE.

WE accustom ourselves to pay too liberal an admiration to the great characters recorded in modern, to say nothing of ancient, history. It seems often necessary to be reminded, that the most interesting history is generally the most elegantly written, and that whatever is adorned by elegance is the composition of art. Charmed and seduced by the variegated tints of imagination, the scene is heightened, and the objects move into life; but while we yield ourselves to the captivating talent of the artist, we forget that the whole representation is but a picture, and that painters, like poets, are indulged with a certain agreeable licentiousness. Hence we form false estimates of the human character, and, while we exhaust our sensations in artificial sympathies, amidst characters and circumstances almost fictitious, for the natural events and the natural calamities of life, we suppress those warmer emotions we otherwise should indulge. The human character appears diminutive, when compared with those we meet with in history; yet am I persuaded that domestic sorrows are not less poignant, and many of our associates are characters not inferior to the elaborate delineations which so much interest in the deceptive page of history. The historian is a sculptor, who, though he displays a correct semblance of nature, is not less solicitous of displaying the miracles of his art, and therefore enlarges his figures to a colossal dimension. Let us also reflect, how often a shameful partiality dictates to the historians who possess the best information. Procopius, in his Secret Anecdotes, pourtrays Justinian and Theodora as the vilest, and, in his history, as the most virtuous personages. Eginhard is a perpetual flatterer of Charles

the Great; Eusebius of Constantine; Paulus Jovius of Cosmode Medicis; Sandoval of Charles V; and Hume of the Stuarts.

The ancient historians compiled prodigies, to gratify the credulous curiosity of their readers; but since prodigies have ceased, while the same avidity for the marvellous exists, modern historians have transferred the miraculous to their personages. Children read fables as histories, but the philosopher reads histories as fables. Fabulous narratives may, however, convey much instruction.

It is the pleasing labour of genius to amplify into vastness, to colour into beauty, and to arrange the objects which occupy his meditations, with a secret artifice of disposition. Voltaire tells us, that no writers, but those who have composed tragedies, can throw any interest into a history; that we must know to paint and excite the passions; and that a history, like a dramatic piece, must have situation, intrigue, and catastrophe: an observation which has great truth, but which shows that there can be but little truth in such agreeable narratives. Every historian communicates his character to his history; if he is profound and politic, his statesmen resemble political deities, whose least motion is a stratagem, and whose plot contains the seeds of many plots. If he is a writer, more elegant than profound, he delights in descriptive grandeur; in the touching narratives of suffering beauty, and persecuted virtue. If he possesses a romantic turn, his heroes are so many Arthurs, and the actions he records put a modest adventurer into despair. No writers more than the historian, and the professed romancer, so sedulously practice the artifice of awakening curiosity, and feasting that appetency of the mind, which turns from simple truth to spirited fiction. We scarce glance at the glittering of a star, but we gaze with delight on the coruscations of a meteor. We therefore suffer ourselves to become interested with those objects which should interest us least.

The historian, seizing this inclination of the mind, delights it with that imaginary force, and fantastic grandeur, of which, while pleased with the emotions, we perceive not the extravagance. Popular prejudice assists the illusion, and because we are accustomed to behold public characters occupy a situation in life that few can experience, we are induced to believe that their capacities are more enlarged, their passions more refined, and, in a word, that nature has bestowed on them faculties denied to obscurer men. But who, acquainted with human nature, hesitates to acknowledge, that most of the characters in history were persons whom accident had seated upon a throne, or placed with less favour around it? Had Alfred been a private person, like the Man of Ross, his various virtues might only accidentally have reached us; and had Richard III been a citizen of London, he had been led unnoticed to the gibbet.

This pernicious prejudice, which peoples the mind with artificial beings, and enfeebles the sympathies of domestic life, will disappear when we come to those few facts in history, which the art of the historian can no longer disguise, and which, refusing the decorations of his fancy, present the sublime personages of history in the nudity of truth. Let the monarch lose his crown, and the minister his place; let the casque fall from the hero, and the cap from the cardinal; it is then these important personages speak in the voice of distress, are actuated by passions like our own, and come to us with no other claim on our feelings than that common sensibility which we owe to humanity. Here, indeed, the lessons of history become instructive, because they teach that every other portion of history has received the romantic gilding of the pencil; that the sagacity of the statesman is not so adroit, as not to be entangled in its own nets; that

the ardour of the hero is often temerity which escaped, and, sometimes, temerity chastised; and that, in general, great characters owe much more to fortune than to nature; that singular coincidences have formed singular events; but that, whenever the delusion of the historian ceases, these illustrious persons appear to have been actuated by passions similar to our own, and that their talents are not superior to those whose obscure actions languish in a confined sphere. It is observed, by Montesquieu, that "most legislators have been men of limited capacities, whom chance placed at the head of others, and who have generally consulted merely their prejudices and their fancies."

It is, indeed, useful to pause over those passages which give the very feelings of the illustrious persons to whom they relate, and if, to some, these may seem to humble the great, they will also elevate us; or, rather, they will reinstate human nature in that just equality in which we are all placed. The phantom of history will vanish, but the human form will remain palpable and true.

Few circumstances are more curious in history than the unadorned recitals of some memoirs. Thomas Heywood, in his "England's Elizabeth," has noticed an instance, that one of the most celebrated characters felt the same agitation, and expressed the same language, which an inferior prisoner would have experienced. This writer gives her meditations in the garden during her imprisonment, in which the natural passions are not entirely lost in the distortion of the language. During her confinement at Woodstock, hourly dreading assassination, she used to sit at the grate of her prison window, morning and evening, listening and shedding tears at the light carolling of the passing milkmaids. Among other insults she received in travelling, the high winds having discomposed her dress, she desired to retire to some house to adjust herself; but this she was refused, and was compelled to make her toilette under a hedge! A kindred anecdote is mentioned by sir Walter Raleigh, of Charles V, who, just after his resignation, having a private interview with some ambassador, and having prolonged it to a late hour after midnight, called for a servant to light the ambassador on the stairs; but they had all retired to rest; and the emperor, yet the terror of Europe, was compelled to snatch a candle and conduct the ambassador to the door. It is thus that majesty, unrobed of factitious powers, convinces even the slow apprehension of the vulgar, that the breast of grandeur only conceals passions like their own; and that Elizabeth dressing under a hedge, and Charles lighting the ambassador on the stairs, felt the same bitter indignity, which they are doomed to feel much oftener.

If it were possible to read the histories of those who are doomed to have no historian, and to glance into domestic journals as well as into national archives, we should then perceive the unjust prodigality of our sympathy to those few names, which eloquence has adorned with all the seduction of her graces. We should then acknowledge, that superior talents are not sufficient to obtain superiority, and that the full tide of opportunity, which often carries away the unworthy in triumph, leaves the worthy among the shoals. It is a curious speculation for observing men, to trace great characters in little situations, and to detect real genius passing through life incognito. How many mothers of great characters may address their sons in the words of the mother of Brasidas! he was indeed a great and virtuous commander, but she observed *that Sparta had many greater Brasidas's.* Some obscure men, whom the world will never notice, had they occupied the situation of great personages, would have been perhaps even more illustrious. There are never wanting, among a polished people, men of superior talents or superior virtues; every

great revolution evinces this truth; indeed, at that perilous moment, they show themselves in too great numbers, and become fatal to each other, by their rival abilities.

Robertson, who is so pleasing a historian, and, therefore, whose veracity becomes very suspicious, confesses, however, that "in judging of the conduct of princes, we are apt to ascribe too much to political motives, and too little to the passions which they feel in common with the rest of mankind, In order to account for Elizabeth's present, as well as her subsequent conduct towards Mary, we must not always consider her as a queen, we must sometimes regard her merely as a woman." This is precisely what the refining ingenuity of this writer does as rarely as any historian; and Robertson appears to have been more adapted for a minister of state, than the principal of a Scots college. He explains projects that were unknown, and details stratagems which never took place. We often admire the fertile conceptions of the queen regent, of Elizabeth, and of Bothwell, when, in truth, we are defrauding Robertson of whatever praise may be due to political invention.

But we, who, however charmed with historic beauty, revere truth and humanity, must learn to reduce the aggravated magnitude of the illustrious dead, that we may perform an act of justice to the obscure living. The sympathy we give to a princess ravished from her throne, and dragged by traitors to wet with tears the iron grates of her dungeon, we may with no less propriety bestow on that unfortunate female, whom unfeeling creditors have snatched from maternal duties, or social labours, to perish by the hour, in some loathsome prison. If we feel for the decapitation of a virtuous and long persecuted statesman, we are not to feel less for that more common object, a man of genius, condemned to languish in obscurity, and perish in despair. A great general dies in the embrace of victory, and his character reaches posterity in immortal language: but he probably conducted hundreds whom nature intended for generals, but whom fortune made foot soldiers. What heroes may be found in hospitals! Katharine, the queen of Henry VIII, is an object of our tenderest sympathy; but why should our sensibility be diminished, when we look on those numerous females, not less gentle, nor less cruelly misused, who, without the consolations of sovereignty, are united to despots, not less arbitrary and brutal than Henry? The sorrows of the Scottish Mary, the refined insults of a rival sister, the grin of scorn, and the implication of infamy, may penetrate our hearts; but we forget that there are families, where scenes not less terrible, and sisters not less unrelenting, are hourly discovered; and that there are beauties, who, without being confined to the melancholy magnificence of a castle, or led to the dismal honour of an axe, equally fall victims, or to fatal indiscretion, or to fatal persecution.

The fascination which thus takes possession of us in historical narratives is, therefore, the artifice of the historian, assisted by those early prejudices of that superiority which we attach to great characters. He who possesses the talent of fine writing is, indeed, in possession of a deceptive art; and I have often been tempted to think, that men of genius, who have ever appeared, by the energy of their complaints, to be endowed with a peculiar sensibility of sorrow, and who excel in the description of the passions, do not always feel more poignantly than others, who, without the power of expressing their sensations, expanding their sentiments, and perpetuating their anguish, are doomed to silent sorrow; to be crazed in love without venting effusions in verse, and to perish in despair without leaving one memorial of their exquisite torture.

But I will not close this essay without observing, that it is not to every illustrious character, recorded in history, that we can pay too pro-

digal a tribute of admiration. There are men, who throw a new lustre on humanity, and hold a torch of instruction which brightens through the clouds of time. It has boldly been said, by old Montaigne, that man differs more from man, than man from beast. But speculations on human nature must not be formed on such rare instances. Besides, even of characters like these, their equals may be found among obscure individuals, and some of the noblest actions have been performed by unknown persons; as that miner, who, in some Italian war, animated by patriotic fervour to direct the explosion, rushed into the mine he had formed. This action is the summit of heroism.

Familiar objects of distress, and familiar characters of merit, want only, to form a spectacle as interesting as the pompous inflation of history can display, those powers of seducing eloquence, which disguise the simplicity of truth with the romantic grandeur of fiction. Nations have abounded with heroes and sages; but because they wanted historians, they are scarce known to us by name; and individuals have been heroes and sages in domestic life, whose talents and whose virtues are embellished in no historical record, but traced, in transient characters, on the feeble gratitude of the human heart. R.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON PREFACES.

I DECLARE myself infinitely delighted by a preface. Is it exquisitely written? no literary morsel is more delicious. Is the author inveterately dull? it is a kind of preparatory information, which may be very useful. It argues a deficiency in taste to turn over an elaborate preface unread; for it is the odour of the author's roses; every drop distilled at an immense cost. It is the reason of the reasoning, and the folly of the foolish. I agree with the Italians, who call these little pieces *La salsa del libro;* the sauce of the book.

I do not wish, however, to conceal, that several writers, as well as readers, have spoken very disrespectfully of this species of literature. That fine writer, Montesquieu, in closing the preface to his Persian Letters, says, "I do not praise my Persians; because it would be a tedious thing, put in a place already very tedious of itself; I mean a preface." Spence, in the preface to his Polymetis, informs us, that "there is not any sort of writing which he sits down to with so much unwillingness, as that of prefaces; and as he believes most people are not much fonder of reading them, than he is of writing them, he shall get over this as fast as he can." Pelisson warmly protested against prefatory composition; but when he published the works of Sarrasin, was wise enough to compose a very pleasing one. He indeed endeavoured to justify himself for acting against his own opinions, by this ingenious excuse, that, like funeral honours, it is proper to show the utmost regard for them when given to others, but to be inattentive to them for ourselves.

Notwithstanding all this evidence, I have some good reason for admiring prefaces; and barren as the investigation may appear, some literary amusement can be gathered.

In the first place I observe, that a prefacer is generally a most accomplished liar. Is an author to be introduced to the public? the preface is as genuine a panegyric, and nearly as long a one, as that of Pliny's on the emperor Trajan. Such a preface is ringing an alarum bell for an author. If we look closer into the characters of these masters of ceremony, who thus sport with and defy the judgment of their reader, and who, by their extravagant panegyric, do considerable injury to the cause of taste, we discover that some accidental occurrence has occasioned this vehement affection for the author, and which, like that of

another kind of love, makes one commit so many extravagances.

Prefaces are indeed rarely sincere. It is justly observed by Shenstone, in his prefatory essay to the Elegies, that "discourses prefixed to poetry inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage. The fabric is first raised, and the measures by which we are to judge of it are afterwards adjusted." This observation might be exemplified by more instances than some readers might chuse to read. It will be sufficient to observe, with what art both Pope and Fontenelle have drawn up their Essays on the nature of Pastoral Poetry, that the rules they establish might be adapted to their own pastorals. Has accident made some ingenious student apply himself to a subordinate branch of literature, or to some science which is not highly esteemed? look in the preface for its sublime panegyric. Collectors of coins, dresses, and butterflies, have astonished the world with eulogiums which would raise their particular studies into the first ranks of philosophy.

It would appear that there is no lie, to which a prefacer is not tempted. I pass over the commodious prefaces of Dryden, which were ever adapted to the poem, and not to poetry, to the author, and not to literature. The boldest preface-liar was Aldus Manutius, who, having printed an edition of Aristophanes, first published, in the preface, that Saint Chrysostom was accustomed to place this comic poet under his pillow, that he might always have his works at hand. As, in that age, a saint was supposed to possess every human talent, good taste not excepted, Aristophanes thus recommended became a general favourite. The anecdote lasted for near two centuries; and what was of greater consequence to Aldus, quickened the sale of his Aristophanes. This ingenious invention of the prefacer of Aristophanes, at length, was detected by Menage.

The insincerity of prefaces arises whenever an author would disguise his solicitude for his work, by appearing negligent and even undesirous of its success. A writer will rarely conclude such a preface without betraying himself. I think that even Dr. Johnson forgot his sound dialectic in the admirable preface to his dictionary. In one part he says, "having laboured this work with so much application, I cannot but have some degree of parental fondness." But in his conclusion he tells us, "I dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise." I deny the doctor's "frigidity." This polished period exhibits an affected stoicism, which no writer ever felt for the anxious labour of a great portion of life, addressed not merely to a class of readers, but to literary Europe.

But if prefaces are rarely sincere or just, they are, notwithstanding, literary opuscula, in which the author is materially concerned. A work with a poor preface, like a person who comes with an indifferent recommendation, must display uncommon merit to master our prejudices, and to please us, as it were, in spite of ourselves. Works ornamented by a finished preface, such as Johnson not unfrequently presented to his friends or his booksellers, inspire us with awe; we observe a veteran guard placed in the porch, and we are induced to conclude, from this appearance, that some person of eminence resides in the place itself.

In prefaces an affected haughtiness and an affected humility are alike despicable. The first is called by the French, "*La morgue litteraire*," the surly pomposity of literature. This has been frequently practised by writers who have succeeded in one or two works, while the failure of their other productions appears to have given them a literary hypochondriasm. Such a prefacer first informs us, that he is above the reach of censure; and censure therefore redoubles its vigilance. Secondly, that he has al-

ready received the approbation of the discerning; that is to say, five or six gentlemen, whom he admits to his manuscript recitatives. And thirdly, that he cares very little for the mob; which is a kind of expression for those who exchange sterling money for counterfeit genius. To such we may answer, that no writer can ever be placed above censure; that, after all his self-eulogies and self-consolations, his readers, and not the five or six gentlemen, can alone give him a solid reputation. I shall notice, as a model of this "*morgue litteraire*," Dr. Armstrong. His "Art of Preserving Health" is one of the most terse and classical compositions in the language; but most of his other verse evinces nothing but barren labour. In his lively "Sketches" he acquaints us, in the preface, that "he could give them much bolder strokes, as well as more delicate touches, but that he dreads the danger of writing too well, and feels the value of his own labour too sensibly, to bestow it upon the mobility." This is pure milk compared to the gall in the preface to his poems. There he very modestly tells us, that "he has at last taken the trouble to collect them. What he has destroyed would, probably enough, have been better received by the great majority of readers. But he has always most heartily despised their opinion." The truth is, he is only showing an undue resentment for some unfortunate productions. St. Jerome entitled the preface to his Version of the Scriptures *Prologi galeati*, prefaces that wear a casque. These *armed* prefaces were long necessary in times of literary controversy: an author then either replied to, or anticipated a reply to the attacks of his opponent.

The public are treated with another kind of contempt, when an author, instead of "destroying," like Dr. Armstrong, professes to publish his puerilities. This Warburton did, in his pompous edition of Shakespeare. In the preface he informed the public, that his notes "were among his *younger amusements*, when he turned over these *sort of writers*." This ungracious compliment to Shakespeare and the public merited that perfect scourging which our haughty commentator received from the sarcastic canons of criticism. Scudery was a writer of some genius, and great variety. His prefaces are remarkable for their gasconades. In his epic poem of Alaric he says, "I have such a facility in writing verses, and also in my invention, that a poem of double its length would have cost me little trouble. Although it contains only eleven thousand lines, I believe that longer epics do not exhibit more embellishments than mine." And to conclude with one more student of this class, Amelot de la Houssaie, in the preface to his translation of the Prince of Machiavel, instructs us, that "he considers his copy as superior to the original, because it is every where intelligible, and Machiavel is frequently obscure." I have seen, in the playbills of strollers, a very pompous description of the triumphant entry of Alexander into Babylon; had they said nothing about the triumph, it might have passed without exciting ridicule, and one might not so maliciously have perceived how ill the four candle-snuffers crawled as elephants, and the triumphal car discovered its want of a lid. But, having pre-excited attention, we had full leisure to sharpen our eye. To these imprudent authors and actors we may apply a Spanish proverb, which has the peculiar quaintness of that people: *Aviendo pregonado vino, venden vinagre;* having cried up their wine, they sell us vinegar.

A ridiculous humility in a preface is not less despicable. Many idle apologies were formerly in vogue for publication, and formed a literary cant, of which now the meanest writers perceive the futility. A literary anecdote of the Romans has been preserved, which is sufficiently curious. One Albinus, in the preface to his Roman History, inter-

cedes for pardon for his numerous blunders of phraseology; observing, that they were the more excuseable as he had composed his history in the Greek language, with which he was not so familiar as his maternal tongue. Cato severely rallies him on this, and justly observes, that our Albinus had merited the pardon he solicits if a decree of the senate had compelled him thus to have composed it, and provided he could not have obtained a dispensation. The confession of the ignorance of the language we employ is like that excuse which some writers form for composing on topics, of which they acknowledge their inability. A reader's heart is not so easily mollified; and it is a melancholy truth for literary men, that the pleasure of abusing an author is generally superior to that of admiring him. One appears to display more critical acumen than the other, by showing, that, though we do not chuse to take the trouble of writing, we have infinitely more genius than the author. These suppliant prefacers are described by Boileau.

Un auteur a genoux dans une humble preface
Au lecteur qu'il ennuie a beau demander grace;
Il ne gagnera rien sur ce juge irrité,
Qui lui fait son procès de pleine autorité.

Low in a humble preface authors kneel;
In vain, the wearied reader's heart is steel.
Callous, that irritated judge with awe,
Inflicts the penalties and arms the law.

The most entertaining prefaces, in our language, are those of Dryden; and though it is ill-naturedly said, by Swift, that they were merely formed

"To raise the volume's price a shilling,"

yet these were the earliest commencements of English criticism, and the first attempt to restrain the capriciousness of readers, and to form a national taste. Dryden has had the candour to acquaint us with his secret of prefatory composition; for in that one to his Tales, he says, "the nature of preface-writing is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learnt from the practice of honest Montaigne." There is no great risk in establishing this observation as an axiom in literature; for, should a prefacer loiter, it is never difficult to get rid of lame persons, by escaping from them; and a reader may make a preface as concise as he chuses.

It is possible for an author to paint himself in amiable colours, in this useful page, without incurring the contempt of egotism. After a writer has rendered himself conspicuous by his industry or his genius, his admirers are not displeased to hear something relative to him, from himself. Mr. Hayley, in the preface to his Poems, has conveyed an amiable feature in his personal character, by giving the cause of his devotion to literature as the only mode by which he could render himself of some utility to his country. The animation of the whole passage is a testimony of the zeal of its writer; and who, recollecting the perseverance of his studies, the justness of his taste, and the elegance of his verse, can refuse the wreath of poetical honour? There is a modesty in the prefaces of Pope, even when this great poet collected his immortal works; and in several other writers of the most elevated genius, in a Hume and a Robertson, which becomes their happy successors to imitate, and inferior writers to contemplate with awe.

S.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CHARACTER AND PRIVATE LIFE OF MR. NECKER, WRITTEN BY HIS DAUGHTER, MADAME DE STAEL.

Continued from vol. IV, p. 428.

AMONG statesmen, are to be reckoned Cicero, chancellor de l'Hospital, and chancellor Bacon;

who, in the midst of political agitations, have never lost sight of the great interests of the soul, and of their own thoughts; but my father suffered his work to appear at a moment particularly unfavourable to the opinions he maintained, and all Mr. Necker's precision in matters of calculation was necessary to rescue him from the imputation of a visionary, in employing himself on such a subject. There is, in all periods, a virtue which is deemed silliness; it is that which is truly a virtue, because it can answer no purpose of speculation.

The second administration of Mr. Necker, from the 25th of August, 1788, to the 14th of July, 1789, was precisely the period when a party among the French started into action. The history of the revolution proves that this party was always mistaken as to its true interests, the tendency of events, and the characters of men; but it seems already acknowledged, by all who know the character and conduct of Mr. Necker, that he never harboured a thought of promoting a revolution in France. In theory, it was his belief, that the best social order of a great state was a limited monarchy, resembling that of England: this opinion predominates in all his writings; and whatever may be a reader's political creed, it cannot, I think, be denied that a love of order and liberty shines in them with the united force of wisdom and elevation of soul: but my father's political opinions were, like himself, entirely controlled by morals; he had duties towards his king as a minister; he feared the consequences of any insurrectional movement whatever, which might endanger the repose and the lives of men; and if he was to be reproached as a statesman, in the vulgar sense of the word, it was in being as scrupulous in his means as in his ends, and in placing morality not only in the object desired, but also in the road to its attainment. How could a man of such a character, being the king's minister, suffer himself to be the instrument of a revolution which was to subvert the throne? Without doubt he loved liberty; where is the man of genius and character that does not! But duty always appeared to him more celestial in its origin, than the noblest of human sentiments; and in the order of duties, the most imperious are those which connect us individually; for the more extensive the relation, the less precise is the obligation.

In accepting the helm of affairs, Mr. Necker told the king, that if the government should ever fall into circumstances that might seem to require the severe and violent will of a Richelieu, he was not the man to suit him; but that if reason and morals were enough, he might yet render him good service. When enlightened men shall study the French revolution, when all those who have had a part in it shall no longer exist, the political conduct and writings of Mr. Necker will revive a question, old it is true, but always worthy the attention of mankind: Whether virtue is compatible with politics; whether it can ever be of advantage to nations that the small number who govern them should sometimes depart from the strict line of moral rectitude? The answer to this question is the verdict on the life of Mr. Necker; but supposing he be on this point condemned as a public man, surely that condemnation is glorious which only implies an excess of virtue: it is a suit which it would be honourable to lose, and on which an appeal might successfully be made to the experience of ages, to that experience which alone is equally weighty with that court on which it is to pass judgment, the conscience of an honest man.

Mr. Necker has continually repeated, in his writings, that the convocation of the states general was solemnly promised by the king, previous to his going into office; that the doubling of the numbers of the third estate was so far urged by the times, that the king must have shown himself uselessly unjust and dangerously unpopular, had he refused it.

Yet, what was my father's aim, in so earnestly repressing some of the claims he might have to the enthusiasm and gratitude of a great portion of the French nation? Was it to achieve the favour of the party called aristocratic? He had not sought that favour when that party was powerful; no doubt he disclaimed it still more in proscription and misfortune, but still he had never written any of those irrevocable maxims on political points which alone conciliate outrageous parties; he has always held those moderate ideas which so much irritate that class of men whose violent opinions are their arms and their standard. "Why then (I have often said to him) do you seek to diminish your merit in the eyes of the popular party; you, who have no pretensions to gain over their opponents?" "I wish (would he answer me) to express the truth, without ever considering my personal interest; and if I have any desire relating only to myself, it is, that it may be generally known, that I will never suffer myself, be my individual opinions what they may, to take any step as a minister, contrary to the obligations which, by my office, I have contracted with the king." And what more eminent proof could my father give of this respect for his duty to the king, than his conduct of the 11th of July, 1789!

It was known that in the council Mr. Necker had opposed the order that had been given, to collect German and French troops at Versailles and at Paris; it is known that he was disposed towards a reasonable accommodation with the commons, who, not having provoked any recourse to force, had not revealed the secret of the insurrectionary disposition of the troops, and had not annihilated the royal authority in teaching the people that the army was no longer in its hands; but a party which confidence constantly ruined, and who always ascribed to certain men difficulty which consisted in the general state of things; this party, I say, persuaded the king that it was sufficient to change the ministry in order to smooth all these difficulties; and this inconsiderate measure, this vehement act, without any real force, without resolution of character to sustain it, led the way to the 14th of July, and from the 14th of July to the overthrow of the royal authority.

On the 11th of July, just as my father was going to sit down at table with a large company, the minister of marine came to his house, took him apart, and gave him a letter from the king, which ordered him to give in his resignation, and to quit France without noise. Every thing was conveyed in these words, *sans bruit;* in fact, the public was then so agitated, that if my father had suffered it to be discovered that he was exiled for the cause of the people, the nation at that moment would have elevated him to a very eminent degree of power. If he had nourished in his soul a spark of faction, if he had suffered the natural impulse of such a moment to betray him, his departure would have been impeded, he would have been brought in triumph to Paris, and all that the ambition of man could desire would have been at his command. The first cockade which was worn at Paris, after his departure, was green, because it was the colour of his livery: two hundred thousand armed men repeated the name of Mr. Necker in all the streets of Paris, whilst he himself was flying from the popular enthusiasm more carefully than a criminal would shun the scaffold. Neither his brother, myself, nor his most intimate friends, were informed of his resolution. My mother, whose health was very weak, took no woman with her, no travelling habit, for fear of awakening suspicion. They took the carriage in which they had been accustomed to take an airing of an evening, they travelled night and day as far as Brussels, and when I joined them three days afterwards, they still wore the same dress in which, after dining with a numerous party, and when no person suspected their mo-

tions, they had silently withdrawn from France, from their home, from their friends, and from power. This dress, all covered with dust, the assumed name which my father had taken that he might not be recognized in France, and consequently retained by that affection which he had every where excited, all these circumstances impressed me with that respect which impelled me *to prostrate myself before him on entering the inn where we met**. Ah! that respect! I have never ceased to experience it in the most trifling circumstances of his domestic life, as well as in the greatest events of his public career. Justice, truth, elevation, simplicity of heart, in the minutiæ of his private life, formed his entire character.

It has been said, there are no heroes to those who see them familiarly, because the greater part of men, who have sustained a great political part, have not possessed any family virtues; but when you find the man of simplicity in the man of eminence, the just man in the powerful man, the good man in the man of genius, the man of sensibility in the illustrious man, the nearer you see him the more you admire him, the more plainly you discover the image of that Providence who presides in the starry heavens, yet disdains not to adorn the lily, or watch over the life of a sparrow.

My father has often been praised in the writings of his wife and daughter, though it had been easy for us to understand and to attain to that modesty in common, which is imposed on families: but we saw into his heart, and discovered in it virtues so constant and so natural, virtues so strictly in harmony with his public speeches and conduct, that our hearts felt a necessity of expressing that sort of domestic worship which was the business of our life. Oppressed by gratitude and love, we braved that vain spirit of ridicule which might be directed against the truth of our sentiments.

In quitting Versailles, Mr. Necker had not even taken a passport, to avoid admitting any individual into his confidence; he scrupulously rejected every pretext and every motive that might retard his journey. When arrived at Valenciennes, the governor of that city would not let him pass through without a passport; my father showed him the king's letter, the governor read it, and at the same time recognized my father, from the print of him he had over his chimney; he let him pass, sighing over the irreparable misfortunes which were to result from his departure.

It had been proposed to the king to arrest my father, because nobody could believe that he would take such direct precautions against that enthusiasm which he had excited; but the king, who has never failed to do justice to the perfect probity of Mr. Necker, expressed his assurance that he would secretly depart, if he ordered him. It is clear the king was not deceived.

In the morning of the 12th of July, I received a letter from my father, which announced his departure, and desired me to go into the country, lest I should receive on his account some expressions of public homage at Paris. In fact, deputations from all quarters of the city came the next morning to my house, and held the most exalted language on my father's flight, and on what was necessary to be done to compel his return. I hardly know what line of conduct my age and my enthusiasm might have prompted me at that time to pursue; but I obeyed the will of my father; I immediately retired to some leagues distance from Paris. A fresh courier from him instructed me in his route, of which he had still made a mystery to me in his first letter, and on the 13th of July I set out to join him.

My father had chosen Brussels as a less distant frontier than that of Switzerland, an additional precaution, that he might not augment the

* This lady's account of her father is no bad picture of herself.

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chance of being recognized. During the four and twenty hours that we passed together, to make preparation for the long journey he had yet to make through Germany to return to Switzerland, he recollected that, a few days previous to his exile, Messrs. Hope, bankers, of Amsterdam, had required him to guarantee from his private fortune, from his two millions deposited in the royal treasury, a supply of grain, which was indispensable for the consumption of Paris in this year of scarcity. The troubles of France excited great anxiety among foreigners, and the personal security of Mr. Necker affording them the most perfect confidence, he did not hesitate to give it: on arriving at Brussels, he was fearful the news of his banishment might alarm Messrs. Hope, and that they would suspend their supply. He wrote to them from that place, to renew his guaranty. Exiled, proscribed as he was, he exposed the greater part of what still remained to him, to preserve the inhabitants of Paris from the evil which the embarrassment and inexperience of a new minister might occasion them. Oh! Frenchmen! Oh! France! it is thus that my father has served you!

During the first labours of the short-lived successors of Mr. Necker, the principal secretary of finance, Dufrene de Saint Leon, was called on to present, in the ministerial correspondence, the answer of Messrs. Hope, which accepted of the first security my father had offered them. I do not know what the successor thought of this mode of serving the king without emolument, and of risking too his personal fortune for the good of the state; but can there be an instance of more nobleness, of more antique patriotism, than even during exile to confirm such a sacrifice, to be so far exempt from sentiments the most natural to man, the desire that their successor should cause them to be regretted, and that their absence should be grievously felt?

My father set out, accompanied only by Mr. de Stael, to go to Basle, through Germany: my mother and I followed more slowly, and at Frankfort we were overtaken by the messenger who brought letters from the king and the national assembly. These letters called Mr. Necker to the ministry for the third time. We seemed then to have reached the summit of prosperity: it was at Frankfort that I learnt this news, at that same Frankfort where a very different destiny awaited me fourteen years afterwards.

My mother, far from being dazzled with this success, had no desire that my father should accept his recal; we joined him at Basle, and there he made his determination. He suffered me to hear him speak relative to the motives of his decision: and I protest it was with profound grief that he resolved to return. He had learnt the events of the 14th of July, and felt perfectly aware that his part was about to change, and that it was the royal authority and its partizans that he would then have to defend. He foresaw that, in losing his popularity in order to support the government, he should never possess a sufficient power over its chief, surrounded as he then was, to direct him entirely in what he deemed most expedient. At length futurity, such as it was, presented itself to him. One duty, one hope, combated all his fears: he believed that his popularity might yet serve for some time to preserve the partizans of the old regime from the personal dangers that threatened them; and he even flattered himself, for an instant, with the hope of bringing the constituent assembly to make such conditions with the king as might give to France a limited monarchy. This hope, however, was far from being firm. He told himself, and he told us all, the chance that could annihilate it. But he dreaded his own reproaches, if by refusing his endeavours to stem the evil, he might have to accuse himself of all those calamities which he had not tried to prevent. This fear of remorse was all-powerful in

the life of my father: he was inclined to condemn himself whenever success did not attend his endeavours, he was continually passing a new judgment on his actions*. It has been thought he was proud, because he never bent either beneath injustice or power: but he was humbled by inward regret, by the most delicate temper of mind, and his enemies may learn with certainty that they have had the mournful success of bitterly disturbing his repose, whenever they have charged him with having been the cause of a misfortune, or with having been incapable of preventing it.

It is easy to conceive that with so much imagination and sensibility, when the history of our life is found to be mingled with the most terrible political events, neither conscience nor reason, nor even the esteem of the world, can entirely satisfy the man of genius, who, in solitude, anxiously directs his thoughts towards the past. I would advise the envious to direct their spleen against fortune, beauty, youth, all those gifts which serve to embellish the exterior of life; but the eminent distinctions of the mind produce such ravages in the bosom that invites them, the human destiny can so rarely harmonize with this superiority, that it is a very unfit object of hatred.

Yet, what a moment of happiness was this journey from Basle to Paris, journeying as we did, when my father had determined to return. I believe nothing similar to it has ever befallen a man who was not the sovereign of the country! The French nation, so animated in the expression of its sentiments, surrendered itself, for the first time, to a hope it had never before experienced, a hope which it had not yet been taught to limit. To the enlightened class, liberty was known only by the noble sentiments it excited, and to the people only by notions analogous to their troubles and their wants. Mr. Necker then seemed the harbinger of this long-expected blessing. He was hailed at every step by the warmest acclamations; the women fell on their knees at a distance in the fields when his carriage passed; the principal citizens of the different places

* Among the papers of my father's eldest brother, who did not survive him long, a letter has been found explaining so simply and so naturally what my father then experienced, what he confided to his most intimate friend at the most remarkable period of his life, that I have thought it interesting to publish it.

Basle, 24th July, 1789.

I don't know, my dear friend, where you are, having no intelligence from Paris of a late date. I arrived here last Monday, the 20th of this month, and every day I have had some idea of seeing you arrive, because you would have taken this route on finding that I was going to Switzerland from Brussels through Germany. I went before mademoiselle Necker, with M. de Stael for a companion; and we have passed through Germany without accident under borrowed names. Yesterday, mademoiselle Necker and my daughter arrived, who have supported the fatigue of the journey better than I could have hoped. Mr. de St. Leon preceded them by some hours; he had sought me at Brussels, and had followed my route; he has brought me a letter from the king and states-general, pressingly inviting me to return to Versailles and resume my place. These circumstances have made me unhappy; I was just entering port, and I was pleased at it; but this port would have been neither tranquil or serene if I could have reproached myself with having wanted courage, and if I left it to say that such and such a misfortune might have been prevented by me. I return then to France, but as a victim to the esteem with which I am honoured. Mademoiselle Necker partakes this sentiment yet more strongly, and our change of plans is an act of resignation on the part of both. Ah, Coppet, Coppet, I shall perhaps soon have just motives to regret it! but we must submit to the laws of necessity, to the fetters of an incomprehensible destiny. In France all is in motion; a scene of disorder and sedition is just opening at Strasburg. It appears as if I were just about to plunge into the gulf. Adieu, my dear friend!

we passed through took the places of postillions, to drive our horses, and, in the cities, the inhabitants unharnessed them and drew the carriage themselves. One of the generals of the French army, called the bravest of the brave*, was hurt by the crowd in one of these triumphal entries; in fact, no man who has not filled the throne has ever experienced, in an equal degree, the affection of the people. Alas! it was I who enjoyed it for him, it was me whom it intoxicated; nor ought I to remember these days without gratitude, whatever may be now the afflictions of my life; but my father's sole occupation, from that moment, was to assuage the consequences of a triumph so formidable to all those who were of the vanquished party.

My father's first step, on arriving at Basle, was to seek out madame de Polignac, who had always shown herself his determined opponent, but who interested him at this moment, for she was proscribed. He never ceased, during his journey, to render services to persons of aristocratic opinions, who were flying in great numbers from Paris; many requested letters from his hand to enable them to pass the frontiers without danger. He gave them to all who were exposed to danger, although in doing so he was aware how far he committed himself. For it must be observed, in order fully to estimate his conduct in this respect, that my father, both by nature and by his habits of mind, possessed an unusual prudence, and did scarcely any thing at the impulse of the moment. It was a quality of his mind unfavourable to action, that it was too perceptible of uncertainty; he calculated every chance, and never, in the giddiness of speculation, overlooked the possibility of an obstacle; but, whenever the idea of a duty presented itself, all the mathematical powers of his reason stooped to this supreme law; and, whatever might be the consequences of a resolution that virtue dictated, it was the only case in which he decided without hesitation.

In almost every place where my father stopped during his journey, he spoke to the people who surrounded him, on the necessity of respecting property and persons. He required of those who manifested most affection for him, to prove it by fulfilling their duties: he accepted of his triumph from a religious devotion to virtue, to humanity, to the public good. What is the nature of men, if these are not the means of acquiring their esteem and respect? what is life, if such a conduct does not secure the divine blessing?

Ten leagues from Paris, people came to tell us that the baron de Besenval, one of the men most within the danger of the popular fury, was brought back a prisoner to Paris, which would infallibly expose him to be assassinated in the streets. Our carriage was stopped in the road, and my father requested to write to the persons by whose authority the baron de Besenval was conducted to Paris, that he would take upon him to warrant the suspension of the orders they had received from the commune of Paris, and to indemnify them in keeping the baron de Besenval where he was. Such a requisition was hazarding much, and my father was not ignorant how soon the favour which springs from popularity is destroyed; it is a sort of power that must be enjoyed without being used. He wrote it nevertheless upon his knees in his carriage; the least delay might cost the baron de Besenval his life, and my father would never have forgiven himself for not having prevented the death of a man, when he had it in his power. I do not know what may be said politically of this profound respect for men's lives; but I should think the human race can have no interest in stigmatizing it.

When arrived at Versailles, it was necessary my father should go to the commune of Paris, to account

* General Junod.

for his conduct in the affair of Mr. de Besenval; he went there, and my mother and myself followed him. All the inhabitants of Paris were in the streets, at the windows, or on the roofs; all cried out, *Vive M. Necker!*

My father went to the Hotel de Ville; in the midst of these acclamations he delivered a speech, the only object of which was to request favour towards M. de Besenval, and that the amnesty might be extended to all persons of his opinions. This speech drew over the numerous auditors who listened to it; a sentiment of pure enthusiasm for virtue and goodness, a sentiment excited by no interest, by no political opinion, seized on nearly two hundred thousand Frenchmen, who had assembled in and about the Hotel de Ville. Ah! who would not then have passionately loved the French nation! Never did it prove so great as on that day, when its sole intention was to be generous, never more amiable than on that day, when its natural impetuosity sprung freely towards a virtuous end. Fifteen years have elapsed since that day, and nothing has enfeebled its impression, the strongest I have ever experienced. My father also, in the various events which have happened since, has continually felt, at the name of France, that indefinable emotion, which can only be explained to Frenchmen; not, indeed, that many of the events of the revolution have tended to preserve such a constant esteem towards this great nation; but it is so favoured by heaven, that it is natural to expect it will, one day, merit the blessings it has received.

Very few women exist who have had the happiness to hear a whole people repeat the name of the object of their tenderest affection, but they will not contradict me when I assert, than nothing can equal the emotion which the acclamations of the multitude then excited. All those looks, which seem for the moment animated with the same sentiment as your own, those numerous voices which vibrate in your heart, that name which ascends to the skies, and seems to return to heaven, after having passed the homage of the earth; that electricity altogether inconceivable, which men communicate to each other, when they feel together the sentiments of truth; all those mysteries of nature and society, added to that greatest of mysteries the sensation of love, crowd on the soul, and it sinks under the strength of its emotions. My father was at the summit of his glory; a glory which he made subservient to the hopes he most cherished, to humanity, to indulgence; but from that day, ever memorable to his friends and to the nation itself, commenced the reversal of his destiny.

Almost all great men have a point of prosperity, which seems to have wearied fortune; but might not one who had never harboured in his heart one project of personal benefit, one selfish desire, have hoped for a more constant prosperity? He did not obtain it; Providence did not guide the French revolution in the path of justice; my father, in following it, was of necessity foiled. The very night of his triumph at the Hotel de Ville, at the instigation of M. de Mirabeau, the amnesty pronounced in the morning was repealed in the sections, and of that great day all that remained to my father was the pleasure of having saved the life of the old baron de Besenval. Still that was much: alas! we are so little acquainted with the anguish of a cruel death, that to have averted it from a single man was enough to preserve for ever in his mind the inexhaustible solace of an honourable recollection. And will it not always be read in history with pleasure, that there existed a great statesman, who thought morality, sensibility, and goodness, perfectly compatible with the talents necessary for the government of an empire? will it not be more pleasing to reflect that this man was accessible to generosity, and to pity; and those who suffered misery of whatever description in the vast

country of France, could say—if he knows it, and can relieve us, we shall be relieved!

A year of scarcity, such as had not occurred for near a century, combined in 1789 and 1790 with the political troubles, and Mr. Necker, by multiplied cares, silent but incessant, by those cares which produce no brilliant glory, but which are incited by a sentiment of duty, saved Paris and many other cities of France from famine; he procured supplies of grain from all parts of the world, employed himself night and day on the subject, and often regretted the impossibility of bestowing on politics all the time they required. But so great was his terror lest Paris should be in want of bread, in the midst of a faction impatient for hostility, that it occasioned him a long and dangerous bilious complaint, the source of those which ultimately abridged his days; for his affections mingled with his politics, and while he governed men, he loved them.

I have read among his papers the letters of the commune of Paris and of the surrounding communes, thanking him for his successful endeavours to preserve them from famine. How many addresses of this kind, on various occasions, have I found, sent from all quarters of France! How agonizing to contemplate them, in spite of the lustre they shed on a memory I so much cherish!

During the last fifteen months of his last administration, Mr. Necker sustained a continual struggle with the executive power, as well out of the constituent assembly as in the midst of it: and his situation became every day so much the more disadvantageous, as the violent men who surrounded the court had excited suspicions there of his intentions; and as he had lost the guidance of those whom he had engaged to defend. Much may be said about firmness of character, and with reason it may be considered as an important quality in those who govern: but in the first place I think it easy to prove that in 1789 and 1790 such was the fermentation of men's minds, that no moral power could have allayed it, and, secondly, it is impossible to possess a consistent character for another. A man may lend his mind, he may lend his resources, but there is something so individual in character, that it can only serve for himself. The personal action of the king is not necessary in the constitution of England, but in the other monarchies of Europe, above all in the midst of a great political crisis, a minister never can supply the energy of a king: and the speeches he composes for him often serve only to expose the contrast that exists between what it is intended he should appear, and what he really is.

I must also allow that my father, frugal by principle of all measures of violence and force, repugnant by disposition to all the resources of corruption, had no other arms against the factious than reason; but if he had resorted to other maxims, still I firmly believe that, in the existing circumstances, the king only could have defended the king, and that the words of a minister who was known to be without influence at court, could not have the power of a single word pronounced on the throne.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN SYNONYMOUS WORDS.

Burden, Load.

BURDEN, says the German synonymist Eberhard, is etymologically connected with the verb "to bear," as is "load" with "to load." The one means a weight borne, the other a weight imposed; both include the idea of weight lifted.

"The porter sweats under his burden."

"The waggon creaks beneath its load."

When we are considering in a ship its power of bearing or lifting, we talk of its burden; when we are considering the means of stowing and heaving the cargo, we talk of its loading.

Dr. Trusler says, erroneously, that by burden we understand a weight possible to be borne; but by load, a weight more than we are able to bear.

The following phrases are both usual and correct:

"What do you ask for that load of wood? you have employed plenty of cattle to draw it." "The burden was too much for him; he has got an injury." "You are to carry back the hampers empty; you will have a light load."

Dryden writes,

At every close she made, th' attending throng
Reply'd, and bore the burden of the song.

He evidently considers the word "burden," when it means a bob or chorus, as identical with the word under discussion, and therefore describes it as borne. It ought probably to be written *burdon*, and derives from *bourdon*, Fr. the drone of a bag-pipe, which serves as accessory music, like a chorus. "The burdon of a song."

Breakers, Surges, Billows, Waves, Undulations, Fluctuations.

Those huge waves whose summits break into foam at a distance from the shore are called breakers.

"The breakers in the Bay of Biscay are formidable to mariners."

Those waves which rise higher than others are called surges, from the Latin word *surgere*, to rise.

He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.

Those waves which swell out more than others are called billows. This term is derived from the verb "to bulge," or "to bilge," which is itself a derivative from the substantive "belly;" in Anglo Saxon *bilig*. Bilge-water is the water contained in the belly of a ship.

Bailey is incorrect in deriving billow from *bellen*, to bark or roar. Were he right, billows would signify the noisier waves.

The waves are so called from the Anglo Saxon word *waeg*, which is connected with *weagan*, to weigh. A balancing or oscillatory motion is therefore the radical or essential idea; and a wave may be defined a ridge of water in a state of oscillation.

The wave behind impels the wave before.

From the substantive "wave" comes a verb "to wave;" and from the verb "to wave" comes a frequentative verb "to waver." From "to waver" is formed the verbal substantive "a wavering."

Undulation is identical in form with wavering. From *unda*, wave, comes the frequentative verb *undulare*, and hence the verbal substantive *undulatio*. But as in wave the fundamental idea is oscillation, whereas in *unda* the fundamental idea is swelling, the metaphorical use of wavering and undulation is different; although when applied to sensible objects the meaning of these words is not always distinguishable.

"The waverings of hesitation." "The undulations of pride."

We say "the wavering of boughs," because they oscillate; but not "the undulation of boughs," because they do not upswell. "*Undans Ætna.*" "*Undat equis.*" "*Undulata toga.*"

"Undulated waistcoats are now in fashion." "Through undulating air the sounds are sent."

Fluctuation is derived from *fluctus*, of which the etymon is connected with *fluere*, to flow, and *flumen*, flood. Those waves which flow faster than others are the *fluctus*. Movement, tossing, is the prominent feature described.

"The fluctuations of the tide." "The fluctuations of opinion." "As the greatest part of my estate has hitherto been of an unsteady and volatile nature, either tost upon seas or fluctuating in funds, it is now fixed and settled in substantial acres and tenements."

Clergyman, Parson, Minister, Priest.

There are three ranks of clergymen below that of a dignitary: parson, vicar, and curate. Parson is the first, meaning a rector, or he who receives the great tythes of a benefice. By the word parson then is implied one of a particular class of clergy, whereas by the word clergyman is understood any person ordained to serve at the altar. Parsons are always priests; many clergymen are only deacons. Every bishop, dean, prebend, &c. is a clergyman, though not always a parson.

So far Dr. Trusler, and well; but he omits to notice the remaining synonyms. A minister is one who actually or habitually serves at the altar. The clergyman who delegates his functions is not a minister. The dissenting clergy are all ministers; for as ordination with them confers no indelible character, on ceasing to officiate they revert into laymen. A priest is one of the second order in the hierarchy, above a deacon and below a bishop; it is a title bestowed by specific ordination, which confers a privilege of consecrating the sacrament. Only priests are capable of being admitted to any parsonage, vicarage, benefice, or other ecclesiastical promotion. The word priest is derived from πρεσβυτερος, an elder, a legate, and is applied to the sacerdotal officers of any religion. Minister means servant, and therefore retains the idea of actual employ. Parson is probably from *parochianus*, and therefore implies one whose rights extend over a parish. Clergyman, like fisherman for fisher, is a somewhat aukward substitute for the *clerc* of our ancestors, which meant a graduate, a man regularly educated.

Continuation, Continuance, Continuity, Continuality.

Continuation, continuance, continuity, continuality, are all derived from *con* and *tenere*, and have consequently for their primary sense or radical idea "a holding together."

Continuation is used of space, continuance of time, continuity of substance, and continuality of motion. Thus we say,

"The continuation of a march." "The continuance of a war." "The continuity of a rampart." "The continuality of explosions." "The Paddington canal is to have a continuation into the Thames." "During our continuance in any office we are industriously to discharge its duties." "As in the natural body a wound or solution of continuity is worse than a corrupt humour, so in the spiritual." "The continuality of the noise in the street makes me wish to remove into the Temple."

Are there adequate grammatical reasons for this practice?

Continuation and continuance derive from the verb "to continue." The formative ending *ation* began in *actio*, signifying "doing." The formative ending *ance* is probably corrupted from an obsolete substantive of the Latins, *entia*, signifying "being." The first therefore has something of a transitive, the second of a passive meaning.

"The continuation of your hostility is unbecoming." "The continuance of my deafness grows tedious."

This accessory idea of action attached to the word continuation renders it fitter for use wherever effort is implied.

"The continuation of the thunderclaps." "The continuation of Rapin's History." "The continuation of the species."

But to all passive substantives an accessory idea of state, condition, duration, easily attaches, which renders the prevalent application of continuance natural and proper.

"The continuance of moonshine." "A longer continuance here is im-

possible." "Continuance in such company is a continuation of his imprudence."

Continuity and continuality derive respectively from the adjectives "continuous" and "continual." The formative termination *ity* began perhaps in *itus*, gait, from "to go." As generosity signifies the quality or property of being generous, so continuity signifies the quality of being continuous, and continuality the quality of being continual. Continuous is derived from the Latin, in which language it means "immediately successive." Continual is derived from the French, in which language it means "incessant." The one is oftener an attribute of substance, and the other of motion.

"Continuous waves." "A continual stream."

The shades of meaning attached to these four words are such as their derivation requires; their habitual employment corresponds with their essential significancy: it is likely, therefore, to be permanent.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHETHER THOSE MANUFACTORIES FROM WHICH A DISAGREEABLE SMELL ARISES ARE HURTFUL TO HEALTH?

TO arrive at the true solution of the problem, we must take a view of the several arts against which a clamour has been raised, and divide them into two classes. The first comprises all those, the processes of which allow aeriform emanations to escape from them into the surrounding atmosphere, either in consequence of putrefaction or fermentation. The second class includes those in which the artist, operating by the aid of fire, developes and evolves in air or vapour various principles, which are more or less disagreeable to respire, and reputed more or less injurious to health.

After examining the nature of the principal manufactories against which considerable prejudice has been excited, we shall find but few, the vicinity of which is dangerous to health.

The manufacture of acids, sal-ammoniac, Prussian blue, sugar of lead, white lead, starch, beer, and leather, as well as slaughter-houses, are not injurious to the health of the vicinity when they are properly conducted.

We cannot say as much for the steeping of hemp, making catgut, laystalls, and, in general, establishments where a large quantity of animal and vegetable matter is subject to humid putrefaction: in all these cases, besides the disagreeable smell which they exhale, miasmata, more or less deleterious, are evolved.

Though the manufactories which we have considered as not injurious to the health of the neighbourhood ought not to be removed, yet police should watch over them strictly, and consult with well-informed persons for prescribing to the conductors the most proper measures for preventing their smoke and smell from being diffused in the vicinity. This end may be attained by improving the processes of the manufactures, raising the outer walls, so that the vapours may not be diffused among the neighbours; improving the management of the fires, which may be done to such a point, that all the smoke shall be burnt in the fire-place, or deposited in the tunnels of long chimnies; and maintaining the utmost cleanliness in the manufactories, so that nothing shall be left to putrify in them, and all the refuse capable of fermentation be lost in deep wells, and prevented from any way incommoding the neighbours.

When new manufactories of Prussian blue, sal-ammoniac, leather, starch, or any other article, by which vapours, very inconvenient to the neighbours, or danger of fire or explosions, are to be established, it would be a just and prudent principle, that they are not to be admitted into cities, or near dwellings,

without special authority; and that, if persons neglect to comply with this indispensible condition, their manufactories may be removed without any indemnification.

We may repeat, 1st. That catgut manufactories, laystalls, steeping of hemp, and every establishment in which animal or vegetable matters are heaped together to putrify in large quantities, are injurious to health, and ought to be remote from towns, and every dwelling-house. 2dly. That manufactories where disagreeable smells are occasioned through the action of fire, as in the making of acids, Prussian blue, and sal-ammoniac, are dangerous to the neighbours only from want of due precautions, and that the care of government should extend only to an active and enlightened superintendance, having for its objects the improvement of their processes, and of the management of the fire, and the maintenance of cleanliness. 3dly. That it would be worthy a good and wise government to make regulations prohibiting the future establishment of any manufacture, the vicinity of which is attended with any essential inconvenience or danger, in towns, and near dwelling-houses, without special authority previously obtained. In this class may be comprised the manufactories of dry night-soil, leather, and starch; founderies, melting-houses for tallow, slaughter-houses, rag-warehouses, manufactories of Prussian blue, varnish, glue, and sal-ammoniac, potteries, &c.

These conclusions were lately adopted by the French Institute, and addressed to government, with an invitation to make them the basis of its decisions.

For the Literary Magazine.

ALLIANCE BETWEEN GRATITUDE AND RESENTMENT.

THERE are several apothegms which from being neatly expressed are easily remembered, from being easily remembered are frequently repeated, and from being frequently repeated are extensively believed, independently of their consonance with fact. Of this kind is Swift's somewhat misanthropic remark, "Men are grateful in the same degree as they are resentful." In consequence of a personal occurrence, I have been for twenty years in the habit of trying this maxim upon the individuals within my range of observation; but I have hardly ever found it to fit. I am come to think that resentment is rather proportioned to the irritability, but gratitude to the tenacity of the memory; that those who acquire quickly are usually resentful, and those who retain distinctly are usually grateful. I invite a comparison of this very different position with experience. Resentment is a more sudden and violent emotion; gratitude a more permanent and gentle impression. Courageous, selfish, and rude natures are more prone to resentment; cautious, benevolent, and refined natures are more prone to gratitude; men are the more resentful, women the more grateful creatures. To resentment the antithetic emotion is fondness, which has also its excesses and its transiency; to gratitude the antithetic emotion is envy, which has also its measuredness and its perseverance.

For the Literary Magazine.

ZURICH AND LAVATER.

From the American Letters.

AS you approach Zurich, a manufacturing town of ten thousand people, beautifully situated at the north end of the lake which bears its name (a charming expanse of water, ten leagues in length and one in breadth), the neighbouring hills rise into a stupendous amphitheatre, sloping gradually down to the lucid arena, which is every where bordered with vine-

yards and pasture grounds, dotted with alternate villas, villages, and towns, and pointed with the glistening spires of the capital, at one end, and the snowy peaks of Schweitz and Glarus at the other.

The transparent Limmat flows from the lake through the middle of the town, and a broad wooden bridge serves alike for a market place, and a public walk, where walking is not quite so fashionable an amusement as it is in France and England. The principal inn (where we had the good fortune to find the pleasantest apartments unoccupied) encroaches upon one side of the bridge, fronts the outlet of the lake, and presents between the tall spires of the churches on the right and left the distant chain of Alpine summits, white with the frost of ages.

Here we have pitched our tents, as from this commanding station we can reconnoitre Switzerland, and direct scouting parties at will, to scale the walls of the mountain, explore the defiles of the glacier, or lodge in ambush among the islands of the lake, or the thickets of the valley.

Zurich was the first town in Switzerland that separated itself from the prescriptive corruptions of *mother church.* It was here that the moderate and charitable Zuinglius, originally a priest of Glarus, had ventured to preach against vows, pilgrimages, and votive offerings, before the effervescence of reformation had been provoked by the unlimited sale of indulgences.

The communion had been peaceably substituted for the mass, by a resolution of the magistrates, as early as the year 1524: but the reformers of Zurich, being unhappily seized with the rage for propagating the principles of *good will to men* by the arguments of fire and sword, instituted a protestant crusade against the neighbouring cantons of Schweitz and Uri; and at the battle of Kappel, Zuinglius himself (I blush for the inconsistency of the minister of the gospel) fell a victim to misguided zeal, in defending, at the commmand of the magistrates, another banner than that of *the Prince of peace.*

The streets of Zurich are narrow and crooked; but there is a beautiful little square, the court-yard of a forsaken convent, upon the brow of a neighbouring eminence, to which we often walk of an evening to see the last beams of sunshine linger upon the white peaks that overlook the farther extremity of the lake. Sometimes at high noon, in pensive guise, we rove along the double rows of lime trees which border the junction of the Sill and the Limmat, and cast a *night of shade* upon the tomb of Gesner, the pastoral poet, who was buried, at his own request, in one of the thickets of the grove.

In the library of Zurich is preserved the original manuscript of Quintilian, from which the first modern edition was printed. It was discovered on the revival of learning, together with several other sole copies of the classics, among the musty legends of the benedictine abbey of St. Gall, where the neglected ancients had slumbered in tranquillity a thousand years.

In the arsenal was exhibited, until the French revolutionists destroyed the political relique, a bow and arrow, with which William Tell, the traditionary hero of Switzerland, was said to have shot the apple from the head of his son, at the command of the tyrant Gessler.

Far more to be regretted, as occasioned by the same event, is the premature loss of John Gaspar Lavater. The reviver or the inventor of the science of physiognomy received his death's wound before his own door, when the Russians were driven out of the city by the French in 1799; though he lingered near twelve months, and retained the enjoyment of his faculties sufficiently to preach a farewell sermon to his beloved parishioners, but a week before his tranquil departure for the world of spirits.

The speculative philanthropist was often approached with trepida-

tion by persons who dreaded to expose their frailties to his penetrating eye. On such occasions he would frequently remark, that *No man need fear the presence of another, since every one must be conscious of his own defects.*

Lavater inhabited a modest mansion, characteristically furnished with a little gazebo, that commands a court leading to his parish church, every avenue of which resounds on holidays with decent peasantry, in hob-nailed shoes and wooden heels, stamping along with downright zeal to hear an antiquated ecclesiastic, starched with the vandyke frill, vociferously ejaculate the gentle admonitions of the code of life and peace.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE EPIGRAM.

SULZER compares an epigram with a monument and its inscription. The first half, he says, should indicate some interesting object; and the second half make an impressive reflection upon it. This distich forms a complete epigram in his idea:

"Infelix Dido! nulli bene nupta marito:
Hoc pereunte, fugis; hoc fugiente, peris."

Poor Dido! still in either husband crost,
Whose death thy flight, or flight thy death has cost.

It first announces the celebrated Dido as an example of matrimonial misfortune, and then defines with pointed precision in what the misfortune consisted; the incipient verse is as it were the statue, and the concluding verse a characteristic motto.

The following epigram wants the first half; it is necessary to give it a superscription; but it is neat.

On a woody island.

Hic Cytherea tuo poteras cum Marte jacere;
Vulcanus prohibetur aquis, Sol pellitur umbris.

Here with her Mars may Venus safely dwell;
Vulcan the waves, and Sol the shades repel.

There is a like deficiency in the following Greek epigram: it is here also necessary to prefix a title:

On the statue of Niobe.

Alive, the gods could into stone transform;
Of stone, Praxiteles with life inform.

But it is a far greater defect to omit the second part, or point, which is the case with several epigrams in the Anthology, and which at first sight appears to be the case in the following German epigram, although it in reality conceals a sharp sting:

You ask an epigram, and on yourself;
My wit is out of joint:
But you can laugh so glibly, so at nothing,
'Twill do without a point.

For the Literary Magazine.

LETTER FROM MR. ADDISON TO A LADY.

MADAM,

IT would be ridiculous in me, after the late imagination you were pleased to favour me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, opposite soever as an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice. This expression, madam, I am highly sensible may appear a little too coarse in the mouth of a polite man; but I hope is no disgrace to the be-

haviour of a sincere one. When we are to talk upon matters of importance, delicacy must give way to truth, and ceremony be sacrificed to candour, and honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind which is above the practice of deceit can never stoop to a willingness to flatter. Give me leave, madam, to remark, that the connection subsisting between your husband and myself is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of his goodness, or my obligations; and suffer me to observe, madam, that, were I capable of such an action, at the time that my behaviour might be rewarded by your passion, I must be despised by your reason; and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I must be hated as a man.

Highly sensible, madam, of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my reputation may be for ever lost. You have passions, you say, madam, but give me leave to answer, that you have understanding also: you have a heart susceptible of the tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would choose to wake it, above an unwarranted indulgence of them; and let me intreat you, for your own sake, that no giddy impulse of an ill-placed inclination may induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your honour and repugnant to your virtue. I, madam, am far from insensible; I too have passions; and could my situation a few years ago have allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should have legally solicited that happiness you are now ready to bestow. I had the honour, madam, of supping at Mr. D——s's, where I first saw you, and shall make no scruple in declaring, that I never saw a person so irresistible, or a manner so excessively engaging; but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side; and though I burned with a flame as strong as ever filled human breast, I laboured to suppress, or at least studied to conceal it.

Time and absence at length abated an unhoping passion, and your marriage with my patron and friend effectually cured it. Do not now, I beseech you, madam, destroy a tranquillity I have just begun to taste, or blast your own honour, which has hitherto been spotless and unsullied. My best esteem is ever your's; but should I promise more? Consider, I conjure you, the total necessity I am under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous, and, in any other command, dispose of your most humble and devoted,

J. A.

For the Literary Magazine.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS CONCERNING CONTRASTED COLOURS.

M. C. A. PRIEUR has lately laid before the French Institute a memoir on colours, and on several of their singular appearances. He sets out from the known opinions concerning the various species of luminous rays, the colours resulting from a mixture of several of these rays taken at different parts of the solar spectrum, and, among others, the very remarkable case where the rays are so chosen, that their union produces on the organ of sight the sensation of whiteness, even if two sorts of rays only be employed.

If we would comprehend what passes in the seeing of colours, it is indispensable, in the first place, to obtain a familiar acquaintance with the shades composed of several simple rays, to acquire precise ideas of black and white, and of the complication these introduce into coloured appearances, and more especially to understand the relation of colours, which, taken two and two, in a certain order, are capable of forming, by their union, white or any other compound tint.

Two colours having this kind of relation to each other are reciprocally termed complimentary colours. One of these being given, the other may be determined with more or less precision by various modes of experiment, calculation, &c.; and the consideration of them applies very usefully to a great number of cases.

Contrast is the effect of the simultaneous vision of two substances differently coloured, when brought near together under certain circumstances. Contrast is a comparison, from which results the sentiment of a certain difference, great or small. Colours exhibited by contrast are always conformable to the tint that would be obtained by abstracting from the colour proper to one of the substances the rays analogous to the colour of the other. Thus, if on red paper a slip painted orange-colour be placed, the latter will appear nearly yellow, but the same strip placed on yellow paper will appear nearly red. If it be placed on violet paper it will resume a yellowish tint; and on green paper it will appear red, but in a different degree.

The explanation of these instances by the rule proposed is easy, if we suppose the orange-colour of the little strip to be compounded of all the rays except blue, which is commonly the case. A multitude of combinations of colours thus placed upon one another bring out the colour of contrast indicated by the rule laid down; but there are several circumstances that render the effect more striking, or modify the result. Sometimes it depends on the degree of light by which the colours are observed, and sometimes upon the manner in which it enters the eye.

The colours of contrast will appear likewise with greater vividness after they have been observed a few moments, or if the coloured substances be shaken a little, so that they may pass slowly over the retina. It seems as if a certain fatigue of the eye, either instantaneously with regard to the intensity of light, or more slowly by a prolonged vision, concurred to produce the appearances in question. But an excessive fatigue of the organ would produce a degeneration of the colours belonging to another mode.

A new method of rendering the colours of contrast very sensible consists in the observer being in a room with a good light, and placing against the window the coloured papers on which he means to observe the contrasts in the manner above-mentioned. The coloured paper, serving as the ground, will then possess a degree of semi-transparency; while the little slip of a different colour placed upon it is more opake, and in the shade, on account of the double thickness of paper. Thus the colour produced by the contrast is rendered much more striking.

From this arrangement results also the singularly striking effect of contact of a little slip of white paper applied successively on paper, glass, and cloth of a green colour. When the transparent body is red, the opake white appears bluish green; if the ground be orange, it is decidedly blue; on a yellow ground a kind of violet; on a crimson ground green, &c.; always corresponding exactly to the complimentary colour.

The knowledge of contrast may be usefully applied to those arts which are employed on the subject of colours. The painter is aware that it is not a matter of indifference what colour is placed near another; but when he is acquainted with the law to which their action on each other is subjected, he will know better what to avoid, and how to dispose his tints, so as to heighten the brilliancy of that which he wishes to bring forward. Contrasting them together in succession likewise affords valuable indications of their nature and composition. This the author himself has put in practice with advantage, in his manufactory of colours and paper-hanging.

Mr. P. examines a very singular case, the white appearance which a coloured body sometimes exhibits when viewed through a glass of the same hue, and his conclusion is, that the perception of whiteness in these cases is owing solely to the action of contrasts, by which the impression of the colour is deadened or annihilated; while that of a certain degree of brightness still subsists, and is noticed from the opposition of a greater degree of obscurity. Hence a new definition of whiteness: "White is with respect to us the sensation of light, when no particular colour predominates in it, or is perceived in it."

The author considers the colouring of different opake and transparent bodies, and inquires what are the luminous rays which a given coloured body is really capable of reflecting or transmitting. He discovered that several opake substances, of various natures and of all colours, owed their coloured appearance to the following laws: 1. Each of the bodies always absorbed the rays that were complimentary to the predominant colour. 2. In some the absorption included, besides the complimentary species, others collateral to this species, and more or less numerous. 3. The deeper a colour is, the fewer species of rays it reflects.

The appearance of coloured clouds, particularly those we see about the rising and setting of the sun, has hitherto remained without explanation. It is not owing to the refraction of the solar rays, but to the successive absorption of them, when they strike on the inferior parts of the atmosphere, which are loaded with vapour. The quantity of vapours, and even their nature, not being the same every day, produce corresponding differences in their effects.

Commonly the first rays attacked by these vapours are the blue adjacent to the violet. Soon after they attack the contiguous rays, gaining with more rapidity the blue properly so called; then the green, the yellow, and thus proceeding to the red. Hence the yellowish, orange, and red colours, exhibited by the clouds. This period of tints, the evening for example, displays itself gradually as the sun approaches the horizon. The same hues tinge terrestrial objects, the part of the air nearest the sun, and this luminary itself. Accordingly, when we can receive its rays on a prism, we perceive that the rays actually absorbed correspond to the general tint of the moment.

Contrasts may likewise render the colour of the clouds complicated; as, for instance, when a great portion of the sky displays its blue tint. There are some clouds the colour of which arises solely from this cause; and such may be seen at times in the middle of the day, when we have a lofty mountain at our back, or are in any other situation where the eye is defended from the too powerful action of the solar light, either direct or reflected; but in this case the clouds have only a yellowish tinge, precisely the complimentary colour of sky-blue.

Sometimes the moon is of a similar colour, when it is very high, a little before or after the sun passes the horizon. It appears thus, or even completely white, when clouds variously coloured by the vapours of sun-rise or sun-set are in the air at the same time.

Lastly, from the irregularity of the earth's surface, and of the state of the atmosphere, the phenomena are liable to be concealed, or subjected to various interruptions. In our climate the colouring of the clouds seldom reaches its last stage. On some evenings, when the sky is very clear toward the part where the sun sets, while light clouds float very high over our heads, we shall see these at a subsequent period appearing of a very light red, heightened by the diminution of light on the earth, soon after obscured, and at length becoming extinct in shade.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EARTHQUAKE IN THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES, ON THE 26TH OF JULY, 1805, AND OF THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, ON THE 12TH OF AUGUST.

In Letters from a Merchant at Naples.

THOUGH I expressed to you, in my last, that no eruption of Mount Vesuvius took place, but that, on the contrary, the little columns that arose now and then were less since the earthquake, and how desirable it was that a vent should be given by an eruption to the inflammable matter that seemed to exist in the bowels of the earth, I did not expect to have this day to announce to you that my wishes were accomplished last night by an abundant eruption of lava from Mount Vesuvius, which, though we have not felt any fresh shock of an earthquake since July 26, yet now relieves us from any farther apprehension of new shocks.

In the course of yesterday, till about seven o'clock in the evening, Vesuvius was very quiet, emitting but little smoke; it then increased, with flames at intervals; at nine o'clock they became frequent, and I observed, when they fell, that the mouth of Vesuvius appeared still as a furnace. I was then on the terrace of my country house at St. Jeriv, west from Vesuvius, and very near it. Mrs. Falconnet had just left me to sit down to supper in the dining-room; the scene before me kept me some minutes longer. I then joined her, but had not sat down a minute when we were told the eruption was beginning. In an instant we were on the terrace, and observed its having overflowed on the same side as last year, and rushed down with such rapidity as to run more than a mile in ten minutes, and in a very short time it reached the valley towards Torre del Greco. This stream of lava was immense, and extended with amazing rapidity over the country. It divided itself into three branches, one of which, beyond the Torre del Greco, surrounded the country house of the cardinal archbishop of Naples, and before morning it reached the sea, and continued running into it. The stream of lava is much diminished; but when it broke out, from about ten o'clock in the evening till twelve, it was a grand and splendid sight; and as it ran from north to south, and I was on the west, it represented the back scenery of hell at an opera. Figure to yourself an immense sheet of flames rising at least half a mile from the ground, and crowned by a black cloud which vanished by degrees.

Many very valuable vineyards and farm-houses have been destroyed; and as the lava rushed out with very little noise and great rapidity, I am afraid some habitations on the brow of the hill will have been surrounded before the people were aware of the danger, or had time to escape; but a great part of the lava ran on that of the last eruption in 1779, which renders the mischief less. It surprises many strangers that people should still persist in living on and cultivating such a spot, as the lava constantly takes that direction, S. S. E.; but the land is so very productive that the temptation is not easily combated.

From another correspondent we extract the following account:

At ten o'clock last night the eruption of Vesuvius, of which the earthquake seemed to be the forerunner, took place. We were going to visit the crater, when the cries of the people, and a volume of flame, informed us that the volcano had opened. The lava precipitated itself in three seconds from the last peak of the mountain, and took a direction towards the valley situated between Torre del Greco and Torre del Annunziato, two towns on the sea-coast beyond Portici, and seven or eight miles from Naples. We set off immediately to see this wonderful phenomenon nearer. From the place of our departure we saw the whole

course of the lava, which extended already two miles from the crater to the houses that join the two towns. The sight was the most magnificently frightful that could be seen. I contemplated the cascades of flames pouring from the top of the mountain, and shuddered at seeing an immense torrent of fire ravage the finest fields, overthrow houses, and destroy in a few minutes the hopes and resources of a hundred families. A line of fire marked the profile of the mountain; a cloud of smoke, which seemed to send forth from time to time flashes of lightning, hung over the scene, and the moon appeared to be pale. Nothing can adequately describe its grandeur, or give an accurate idea of its horror. As we approached the spot ravaged by this river of fire, ruined inhabitants had quitted their houses; desolated families were trying to save their furniture or provisions, the last feeble resource; an immense crowd of curious persons retreating step by step from advancing lava, and testifying by extraordinary cries their wonder, fear, and pity. The frightful bellowing of the mountain, the frequent explosions which burst from the bosom of the torrent, the cracking of the trees devoured by the flames, the noise of the walls falling, and the lugubrious sound of a bell which the religious Camaldules, isolated on a little hill, and surrounded by two torrents of fire, rang in their distress—such are the details of the frightful scene to which I was witness. The moment we arrived, the lava was crossing the great road below Torre del Greco. To see it better we got into a beautiful house on the road-side; from the terrace we saw the fire at no more than fifteen paces from us. In a minute we descended, and twenty minutes afterwards there remained of the house but three large walls. I approached as near as the heat and flow of the current would permit me. I attempted at different times to burn the end of my handkerchief in it; I could only do it by tying it to the end of my cane. The lava does not run in liquid waves; it resembles an immense quantity of coals of fire, which an invincible strength had heaped up and pushed on with violence. When it met with a wall it collected to the height of seven or ten feet, burnt it, and overthrew it at once. I saw some walls get red-hot, like iron, and melt, if I may use the expression, into lava. On the horizontal road I reckoned that the torrent travelled at the rate of eighteen inches in a minute. Its smell resembled that of iron red-hot.

One cannot but regret that such a beautiful country as this, blessed with an admirable soil, fine situation, healthy climate, and pure sky, should be liable to such drawbacks and convulsions of nature. But in this world we cannot expect enjoyments without some alloy; and we must submit to Providence, who has perhaps decreed in its wisdom that a people too much inclined to vice and immorality should be sometimes recalled to a sense of their duties by such uncommon events, which happen when least thought upon.

Particulars of Damage caused by the Earthquake on July 26, 1805.

Towns and Villages.	*Damages.*	*Families perished.*	*Total dead.*
Isernia	Destroyed	339	1506
Castel Petroso	Ditto	131	443
Contallipa	Ditto	142	508
Ponto Massimo	Ditto	74	227
Tresolone	Part destroyed	390	1440
St. Angelo in Grotta	Ditto	43	174
Carpinone	Ditto	193	579
Baranella	Ditto	180	720

Towns and Villages.	*Damages.*	*Families perished.*	*Total dead.*
Sassano	Entirely destroyed	Inhabitants lost.	
Bassano	Become a lake	220	672
St. Angelo di Lombardi	Part destroyed	No particulars.	
Camelli	A volcano opened	Ditto.	

Other places, with general information.

Bassano, destroyed, was the centre of the earthquake, which extended 150 miles. The following places were also destroyed: Rucca, Mandolfi, Machia Godena, Mirabello, Vinghiatura, and other villages. The following places were partly destroyed: Campobassa, Saverna, Supino, Ducameno, Santabuono, Colle Danchese, Castor Petrone, Civita Narva, Bolino, and other villages. Of the different places in Abruzzo and Contado di Molisa that have suffered, no particulars are as yet given, no account having been received of the number of families or persons dead or missing; and, as many are supposed to be dead who are only missing, the number is likely to be less than computed.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON GREEK AMATORY POETRY.

Monet ætatis specie, dum floreat, uti;
Contemni spinam cum cecidêre rosæ.
OVID *Fast.*

THE greatest number of Greek amatory poems are either in celebration of personal charms, or descriptive of the mere passion of love, without any or very little mixture of those peculiar elegances and refined sentiments, the produce of modern notions and modern manners, and which may be perhaps entirely attributed to that singular system of gallantry introduced among us by the pure and elevated doctrines of Gothic chivalry. This spirit was unknown to the Greeks; and both the nature of the passion which they felt, and the poetry which that passion inspired, may perhaps bear a closer comparison to Asiatic luxury than to European delicacy and refinement.

"Can you suppose," says the tragedian Amphis, "or will any one ever persuade me that there has existed a man whom the elegant mind alone of his mistress has attracted, and not the charms of her person?"

Yet nature is the same in all ages and countries. By its first great law beauty is every where felt and acknowledged as the strongest attraction, the most irresistible impulse of our desires and affections; and hence it is that many of those songs and lighter amatory effusions, both of our own and other countries, which are most universally known and admired, have their originals, or at least their strong resemblances, among the early poems of the Greeks. A soft air of voluptuousness, an engaging detail of description, a kind of eastern fragrance which pervades the latter, is in general changed among us for more elegance in the turns of expression, a greater mixture of sentiment, and a juster sense of the delicacy and respect due to the delightful objects of our praise; but the ground-work remains unaltered, as the passion which forms it is every where the same. It is evident that I am here speaking of those among our modern poets whose reputation is established, and who have fixed the standard of our national taste. There is a later race of writers of amorous poetry to whom these observations in no respect apply. More voluptuous than the most voluptuous of the Grecian bards, they contrive to render themselves as disgusting as they are immoral, by the extreme viciousness of their style, and the undisguised libertinism of the images they present. More absurdly refined than the most refined of our own

poets, unnatural sentiment usurps the place of real passion, and by trying at every turn to impress their readers with ideas of their excessive sensibility, they soon convince them that they in fact have no feeling, unless it be in the coarsest and most brutal of all gratifications.

The manners and customs of the ancient Greeks were such as necessarily formed the style of their amorous poetry. After Cecrops had introduced the ordinances of marriage among them, the system of polygamy as well as of concubinage appears to have been very prevalent, though the former was probably early discountenanced; for we find that Agamemnon, immediately after the siege of Troy, having, contrary to the custom of his country, and in imitation of the constant habits of the Asiatics, married Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, that action was one of the chief causes of the conspiracy which was formed against him by Clytemnestra, his first wife, and which involved the unfortunate bride in the massacre that ensued. Many ages after, however, Socrates himself had two wives at one time, the notorious Xanthippe, and Myrto, the great-grand-daughter of Aristides; and Philip, king of Macedon, is said to have taken a new spouse in every town that he subdued, or country that he conquered, from motives of policy, to render his new subjects more submissive to the yoke of his government. Concubinage, however, was never much discouraged even by their philosophers and lawgivers. Solon authorized courtezans for the state. When Xerxes invaded Greece, the courtezans, who were already a class in high estimation at Corinth, crowded to the temple of Venus, the tutelar deity of that place; and even Simonides ascribes to their prayers the providence that was afterwards so signally exerted in rescuing Greece from slavery. Aspasia, the mistress of Pericles, publicly assisted him in the affairs of the government, and is recorded to have been the immediate cause of the Peloponnesian war, by instigating him to avenge on the Megarensians the insult they had offered her, by carrying away some female slaves whom she loved. We have an epigram of Plato, in honour of Archæanassa of Colophon, with whom he was desperately in love. Periander, Epaminondas, Isocrates, Aristotle, come in for their share of amorous anecdotes. The statue of Phryne was placed between those of Archidamus and Philip, kings of Macedon, at Delphi.

Mother of warm desires and amorous grace!
With new delights Theore's soul engage,
That she may leave the youthful, strong embrace,
For the ripe sense and vigorous mind of age!

Such is the address of Sophocles to Venus, when he was a very old man; yet even then he had not arrived at the period of his amours, but actually died while in pursuit of another mistress, Archippe.

Since so general a licentiousness prevailed throughout the nations of Greece, we shall hardly wonder at the romantic legend of Hermesianax of Colophon, who relates that Homer composed his Odyssey for love of Penelope; or, if we smile at its absurdity, we must recollect that, actuated by the spirit, our own old romance writers make two amorous knights out of Hercules and Theseus; and that, by the magical wand of the French tragedians, the Horatii, the Scipios, and the Martii, are metamorphosed into a company of whining gallants, to the completion of whose characters nothing is wanting but powdered wigs, stiff stays, and embroidered ruffles.

Many of the ancient philosophers approved of love and amorous incitements as the best cure for melancholy; and that which others approved, Epicurus practised. A story of him, which is said to have excited the strong censures of Cice-

ro, is told by old Burton in the following quaint manner. "When a sad and sick patient was brought unto him to be cured, he laid him on a down-bed, crowned him with a garland of sweet smelling flowers, in a fair perfumed closet delicately set out; and after a potion or two of good drink which he administered, he brought in a beautiful young wench that could play upon a lute, sing, dance," &c.

The amazing influence of the courtezans of Greece over the wisest and greatest men among them is strikingly exemplified in the well known stories of Lais and Phryne, and other celebrated women of that description. It is well expressed in the following verses on the first of them.

Greece, once the nurse of generous hearts,
Mistress of nations, queen of arts,
No longer great, no longer free,
Yields to a willing slavery.
A girl of Corinth holds the chain
Which circled once th' Ionian main.

There are several epigrams extant respecting this extraordinary woman. One of them has given rise to two well known epigrams of Ausonius, and to the still more spirited imitation of Prior.

Venus, take my votive glass;
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be,
Venus let me never see.

The original is, more literally, thus:

I who, erewhile, in fame and beauty proud,
Before my lattice drew an amorous crowd,
Lais the fair! my hateful glass resign,
An off'ring, heav'nly Venus! at thy shrine.
For what I am 'tis piteous to behold,
And Time has ruined what I was of old.

Some of these courtezans have given illustrious examples of affection and constancy. Such was Myrine the Samian, who remained faithful to Demetrius, the last of Alexander's successors in the throne of Syria, through every change of fortune till death. The mistress of Alcibiades accompanied him into banishment, followed him in his perilous flight, revenged his unhappy fate, and with her own hands erected for him a monument in the foreign and hostile country where he perished. Leæna, the worthy companion of Harmodius, being put to the torture by Hippias, to make her discover what she knew of the conspiracy, expired on the rack, without once opening her mouth.

Gnathæna is highly celebrated for the liveliness of her wit, and the keenness of her satire. Among a number of anecdotes, the humour of which has evaporated or become unintelligible, a few are told which seem to support the character assigned her. Diphylus, the comic poet, having behaved himself indecorously at some public festival, was hustled and carried off his legs by the crowd. Thence he repaired to the house of this lady, his mistress, and there, according to the Athenian custom, asked for water to wash his feet; on which she said, with a well affected astonishment, "You did not come here on your feet; how then can they want washing?" An avaricious lover of her's once brought her a very small cask of wine, the virtues of which he loudly praised, particularly its great age: "I see it must be very old," says she, "for it is almost dwindled to nothing."

The shortness of life is an argument continually in the mouths of the ancient poets, for the purpose of recommending the enjoyment of it while it lasts. It has been the theme for many of the most alluring, and many of the most affecting productions of the muse, equally indulged by the gay and the serious, by the voluptuous Anacreon and by the tender and moral Horace. It was adopted by the philosophers as well as poets of antiquity, and the me-

lancholy strains of Mimnermus were not more dictated by a poetical fancy, than by the operations of reflection and reason on the prevailing opinions of the time.

Drink and rejoice! what comes to-
morrow,
Or what the future can bestow,
Of pain or pleasure, joy or sorrow,
Men are not wise enough to know.

O bid farewel to care and labour,
Enjoy your life while yet you may,
Impart your blessings to your neighbour,
And give your hours to frolic play.

Life is not life if free from passion,
From the soft transports love can give;
Indulge your amorous inclination;
Then life is worth the pains to live.

But, if you pass the short-lived pleasure,
And leave the luscious draught unknown,
Another claims your slighted treasure,
And you have nothing of your own.

Herodotus gives a memorable example of this doctrine in a king of Egypt, who, being warned by an oracle that he had but a short time to live, immediately ordered his palace to be illuminated from top to bottom with the blaze of torches, and from that moment lived as much as possible every hour of his time in festivity, turning night into day, and giving up his whole soul to the full indulgence of his senses.

But when applied to love, this argument has double force. Life is short, the lover may say, but short as it is, the period allotted to beauty and vigour, to the inclination and power of enjoyment, is but a small portion even of that.

Gather therefore the rose while yet is time,
For soon comes age that will her pride deflower;
Gather the rose of love while yet is time;
While loving thou may'st loved be with equal crime.

SPENSER.

So the Greek poet addresses the mistress whose cruel repulse he has experienced.

Still glorying in thy virgin-flower?
Yet in the gloomy shades of hell
No lovers will adorn thy bow'r—
Love's pleasures with the living dwell.
Virgin, we shall be dust alone
On the sad shore of Acheron.

Venus, in an ancient gem, is represented with a wreath of roses in her hand, to indicate the short duration of amorous pleasures; and thus in effect the very same emblem has been made use of in several beautiful epigrams. The first I shall present is very short, but most exquisite in point of tenderness, justness of thought, and elegance of expression.

Remember, love, the fragrant flow'r
Design'd for thee at peep of morn.
Returning both at evening hour,
We sought a rose, but found a thorn.

In the next the thought is more dilated and combined with a circumstance often since taken advantage of, the present of flowers. Prior's elegant and well known poem of the Garland was, I believe, formed on this very model.

This garland, intertwin'd with fragrant
flow'rs,
Pluck'd by my hand, to thee, my love, I send.
The lillies here with op'ning roses blend;
Th' anemone, besprent with April show'rs;
The soft narcissus; violet that pours
From every purple leaf the glad perfume;
And, while upon thy sweeter breast they bloom,
Yield to the power of love thy passing hours;
For thou, like these, must fade at Nature's gen'ral doom.

Upon the same principle, and very similar in the execution, allowing for a greater mixture of fancy and sentiment, is Waller's beautiful Address to the Rose.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be, &c.

It concludes thus,

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

The old Provencals availed themselves often of the same simile. Peter d'Auverne sends a nightingale to the bower of his beautiful Clairette, instructing the bird to pour out his passionate complaints in her ear. The song thus introduced is attended by several romantic and picturesque circumstances; but it concludes in the very style of our Grecian bards: "Why do you pause? Embrace love when it is offered! Seize the happy moment! It is a flower that swiftly fades away."

But the ancient poets were not always quite so tender or polite to the cold-hearted fair ones whose barbarity they deplored. The same argument carried a little further we find to degenerate into abuse; and though the amorous minstrels of Greece did not often extend their triumphs over those cruel tyrants, whose hearts had begun to soften just at the season when they were no longer to be prized, to quite the extent that Horace has done in his "Audivêre, Lyce, Dî mea vota," yet they did not fail to display their exultation when occasion offered. The following reproofs, though a little less uncivil, are on the same model with the ode of Horace; they are both by Rufinus.

Did I not warn thee, Rosaline, that Time
Would soon divide thee from the youthful throng,
Feed on the damask of thy blooming prime,
And scatter wrinkles as he pass'd along?
The hour is come; for who with amorous song
Now wooes thy smile, or celebrates thy bloom?
See from thy presence how the gay and young
Retiring turn, and shrink as from a tomb.

—

Cold Rhodope, of beauty vain, replies,
Whene'er I greet her, with disdainful eyes,
The wreath I wove, and on her door-post bound,
Enraged she tore, and scattered on the ground.
Remorseless Age, and wrinkles, to my aid
Fly, swiftly fly, and Rhodope persuade!

Add to these the following lively sally of Nicarchus, who appears to have been jilted, and to have taken the method usually practised by despised poets of avenging himself.

Of beauty Lydia may have boasted
With reason in her prime,
Perhaps by all the young was toasted
Who liv'd in Noah's time.

But now her days of love are over,
Of ogling and of sighing,
'Twere wise no more to seek a lover,
But think at last of dying.

From the cruel fair themselves it is but natural to expect that the abuse of the poet would be transferred to the god who caused his disquiet. Hence he is born on rocks, nourished by lionesses, and reproached as a coward for entering the lists with mortals.

I hate thee, Love! On tygers try
The terrors of thy archery;
A mortal I, and thou divine,
What mighty victory is thine?
The quiet of my heart is lost;
But thou shouldst rather blush than boast.

For the Literary Magazine.

CAUTIONS RESPECTING EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

The following remarks are re-published from an English work for the *amusement* rather than the instruction of the American reader.

THE assertion has been made by many, that the new world holds out advantages not to be found in the old one: but this assertion is without truth.

When the Europeans first discovered the continent of North America, their eyes were saluted with an immense expanse of waste encumbered with trees. Beneath them were stagnant and fœtid swamps, for the want of the hand and skill of man to open channels for the passage of the waters; a soil neither solid nor liquid; and marshes covered with aquatic and noisome plants, which served only to nourish venemous insects, whilst they suppressed the growth of herbs fit for the use of man. The green enamelled turf, which forms the beauty of the exterior, and announces the fecundity of the interior of the earth, was no where to be seen. On the few spots which were unencumbered with wood the Indians had built towns, and cultivated maize in some, and others were covered with a tall wiry grass, which the cattle would never touch when they could find the buds of trees, plants, and succulent herbs, which they preferred to it. Every thing denoted that the new world, the mountains excepted, had laid buried beneath the sea for ages after the old one. Later experience has demonstrated this point beyond all doubt. At a very little depth, from eighteen to twenty-five feet beneath the upper stratum, there is found a black saline ooze or mud, the smell of which sufficiently discovers its origin. The upper strata are generally composed of masses of oceanic shells, which time has converted into calcareous stones, and, in many parts, beds of these shells are found in a continued extent of miles in their original undecomposed state. These strata, for above one hundred miles from the Atlantic shore, are covered with sea-sand intermixed with gravel, and mud washed down from the Alleghany mountains by the rains, and incrusted with the remains of decayed vegetation. In a word, nature seemed to have been in a state of infancy, and to have required time to bring her works to perfection. These are all rendered facts by the authority of the American Philosophical Transactions, and the researches of enlightened travellers. Nothing, therefore, but the extravagant avidity and credulity with which mankind receive the account of distant regions could have ever made them believe that Nature, equal and invariable in all her operations, could have done more for a new than an old soil, especially with the art and industry of man against her; and the amazing luxuriance of America must be restricted to vallies where the soil has accumulated to a vast depth, and which are in very inconsiderable quantities relatively to the whole. Even those parts nourish only those grains and herbs which nature has adapted to them, and not to those of the old continent; for which reason the European agriculturist has every thing to learn over again, and experience will only convince him that his labour and expence have been unprofitable. Instead of a soil cultivated for ages, which he may improve at a certain cost, and the replace of which may be ascertained to a sixpence in an acre, he must begin to dry up swamps, to open a passage for stagnant waters, to destroy rank weeds, to fell trees useless through their immense quantity, and finally to produce a new or cultivated nature. For want of hands or money he must do this laborious work himself, and he will find the life of an American farmer very different from that scene of ease, repose, and plenty, which its panegyrists have chaunted forth, even though he

should be settled in the vicinity of the best market town, and on the best cleared lands in the United States.

It should seem that these panegyrists have known no more of it, and have treated it in the same manner as the ancient poets have sung to us in the "Golden Age." They have painted it in the most seducing colours; but they have not known, or have omitted to tell us, of the daily cares and labours; they have handled the subject as poets and not as agriculturists, as theorists and not as practical observers: but if those writers had themselves followed the plough for days, exposed to wind and rain; if they had mowed and stacked hay in the marshes, in the heat of a burning sun, devoured by flies, and tormented by gnats and mosquitoes; if they had reaped the harvests with their backs exposed to the rays of the sun, their face to the exhalations of the earth and dropping perspiration, they would have known, that if by chance the American farmer gathers roses, it is only in midst of thorns. They have not sung those sudden frosts which at the beginning of summer destroy in a single night all hopes of fruit, apples, and cyder; those electric storms which, in the midst of the burning heat of the dog-days, overwhelm him with winter's hail, and scarcely leave him straw when he expected grain. They omit those gusts which come accompanied with torrents of rain, and wash his seeds out of the loose soil; and those flocks of birds which live at the farmer's expence, and pick out of the earth those seeds which have escaped being washed away. They do not mention those circumstances, because they have never experienced, or wished to conceal them. But these are very far from being the whole of the disadvantages attending the American farmer. There are, besides, swarms of insects so various, voracious, and destructive, that they seem to rise only to multiply, to injure vegetation, and to die. In warm and moist years their fecundity is inconceivable, and their numbers incalculable. The instinct of some leads them to gnaw the bark of trees, others prey upon the leaves, and others again upon the buds. There is nothing sown or planted which has not its enemy; and, that nothing may be exempted from their ravages, the insects of autumn devour the fruit whose buds have escaped the voracity of their predecessors. They say nothing of those worms which attack the stalks of the Indian corn, nor of those Hessian flies* which kill these plants by arresting their sap for their own nutriment, nor of those swarms of capterpillars, which, like a devastating conflagration, lay waste his orchards and woods, and in the midst of summer create the gloomy nakedness of winter. They have totally overlooked all those enemies, so formidable in power, though so contemptible in size. They forget that the years have no spring, nor even a summer and winter of regular duration; and that when to the ravages of so many insects are added the irregularity and inclemency of the seasons, the farmer sustains annually considerable losses, and his only consolation, hope for better luck next season, very often proves delusive. They pass over that it is dangerous to aim at making im-

* The inhabitants of Long Island, during the revolutionary war, having perceived that an insect, till then unknown, destroyed their crops of corn in the neighbourhood of the Hessian camp, called it the Hessian fly. So soon as the stalk and the ear are formed, this insect bores the upper and lower parts of the first joint, and deposits its little eggs in the aperture. When the young ones are blown, they intercept the sap and feed on it, which generally occasions the death of the plant. From Long Island this insect has spread over several states, and, as it advances westward, it leaves entirely the places it has before ravaged. It is absurd to suppose that this insect was brought from Europe, the whole natural history of which has none of a similar species.

provements, because, from the paucity of hands, and the little dependence which can be placed even on those who will work, there is no saying when they will be finished, and the only certainty is, that of an enormous expence in proportion to the labour done. They do not say that the American farmer is afraid to raise larger crops than he and his family can consume, lest he should get no market for them, or because he is too far distant from any; and that, if he does sell his superfluous produce, he is certain of getting no money, but only goods in exchange, which are commonly West India or European articles of luxury, which, in his situation, he had better never know the use of. They omit that the crops in the ground are often lost by the sudden transition from winter to summer, without any interval of spring, for want of hands; and that, if labourers could be hired, the crops will not pay the expence. *They have not told us that salt pork, or fish with Indian bread, was their only food, and milk or water their most common drink, for cyder is by no means in general use.*

Yet all these disadvantages are deplored by the American farmers, although they deem them common to every other country, and are so very apparent, that it must be wilful negligence to pass them over in silence, or gross perversion to have represented them as not existing. Whether you view his crops, or make enquiries of the American farmer, you will see or hear of those enemies at every step; and as it would be ridiculous to attempt to draw any parallel between his situation and that of an European, particularly an English farmer, I shall proceed to show what productions thrive in the United States, and what do not.

The United States are evidently a planting country, and not one adapted to tillage. Nature has sufficiently pointed out this fact by producing spontaneously tobacco, rice, indigo, cotton, and maize, or Indian corn, the staple commodity of American food, and by denying to them great crops of wheat, barley, oats, &c., which are its representative in the old continent. Wheat delights in a stiff soil, which will shelter its roots from the ardent rays of the sun, and the soil of the United States is light, loose, and so permeable, that brooks, creeks, and even rivers, have disappeared. Wheat, therefore, and every other grain which requires a stiff soil, will not thrive there; but Indian corn, which is a strong plant, growing on a stem of from ten to fifteen feet in height, demands a loose soil, which will freely admit those rays to penetrate to its root. This astonishingly productive plant affords nutriment to both man and beast, and is the staff of the United States. For want of a due contexture of the soil, these states are by no means a grass country, but nature has provided against every exigency. The blades of the Indian corn plant furnish all the winter fodder for the cattle, and the woods present them with their buds, shoots, plants, and herbs, in the summer. Were it not for this remarkable production of maize, which thrives in a soil repugnant to all other grains, the United States could not maintain its present population*.

How can the United States, which export so much wheaten flour, be said to be unfavourable to the growth of wheat? The Americans *export all they grow*, because either from habit they prefer and use only that of Indian corn, or because wheat, which is sure of a foreign market, is the same to the American as cash,

* In the year 1791, the population of the United States was ascertained, from official statements, to be nearly four million of souls; and in 1792, in a statement of their exports for that year, as made out by Thomas Jefferson, Esq., then secretary of state, the whole of the bread grains, meals, and bread, exported, amounted to 7,649,887 dollars, which, at the average of that article, would have given a bushel of flour to each person, and no more.

of which they have a very small stock; besides, were the quantities of wheat grown in the United States compared with their extent and the population, nine-tenths of whom are agriculturists, it would appear very inconsiderable indeed. A further proof that wheat does not thrive is, that they have not straw enough to litter their cattle; and the quantity of straw upon the largest cultivated estate in the United States will not afford enough of it to manure half an acre of garden ground; and this want of manure is one reason why the lands will not recover their vigour in a century after they have been thoroughly impoverished by the cultivation of tobacco. Indian corn, therefore, which requires very little manure, because less than a shovelfull will do for a single plant, and there are only a thousand or twelve hundred to an acre, furnishes *all* the bread used in the United States, except in the cities, where the consumption of wheat flour is *too inconsiderable* to deserve notice, and, with salted pork, many of them eat nothing else during the whole year, unless they should happen to be in a situation proper for hunting or fishing, and even then these are employments to which they can very seldom spare that time which the cultivation of their lands require. It is usual indeed to see a man go out with his rifle in one hand and his axe in the other, so that he may either cut down trees or shoot game, if any come in his way; but, in the interior of the country, I never heard hunting looked upon as a diversion, but as a labourious exercise, and so expensive are the articles of powder and shot, that they would think a deer bought at a high price if they should not happen to kill it at the first shot.

For the Literary Magazine.

SPEECH OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

THE two houses of the legislature of New York met on Wednesday the 29th of January, at the city hall of the city of Albany, when his excellency the governor delivered the following speech.

Gentlemen of the Senate and Assembly,

Since last I had the honour of addressing you within these walls, occurrences have arisen, involving the dearest interests of our country. Our exterior relations have assumed an aspect threatening to that tranquillity, the basis of national prosperity, we have so long enjoyed. Principles, unknown to the maritime law of nations, have been adopted and enforced in the prize courts of some of the belligerent powers of Europe, repressive of our commercial enterprize, and destructive of the most important branch of our foreign trade. Violations of territorial rights, and breaches of national faith solemnly pledged, have swelled the catalogue of our wrongs. The issue of these dark forebodings is as yet hidden from us. Should the result be open hostility, it behoves us to place ourselves in that state of preparation which shall preserve our rights and protect our honour. In the event of war, the possession of our sea ports would be a leading object of military achievement. The one which forms the depot of the surplus product of the agriculture and commerce of this state, is, of all others, the most unprotected. On this interesting subject, representations have been made by the corporation and merchants of the city of New York to the general government. I have also written to the president of the United States. But, from the amount of the appropriation proposed to be made for the fortification of harbours, by a recent report of a committee of the house of representatives, nothing very efficient is to be looked for from that quarter. It remains then, gentlemen, a question for your consideration, whether, in this state of things, you will not make an effort towards the protection of the key of your state, and the seat of your wealth.

The expence will certainly be great. It may, however, by judicious management, be rendered so gradual as to be little oppressive. Guided by the report before-mentioned, we are led to the conclusion, that the federal administration contemplate a defence of our harbours by gun boats principally. These may form an important item in a general plan; but, in my conception, can only be effectual when acting in concert with land batteries. Should it be thought adviseable to commit this subject, I will lay before the committee such information and plans as I am possessed of. Meanwhile I cannot omit calling to your recollection, gentlemen, the act of the 28th of March, 1800, by which the state stands pledged for the expenditure of a sum in fortifications equal to that assumed by the United States in the debt of this state. The amount of that assumption was one million two hundred thousand dollars, of which the state subscribed one million one hundred and eighty-three thousand seven hundred and sixteen dollars and sixty-nine cents, equal in specie, upon the principles of adjustment established by the act of congress of the 16th of February, 1799, to the sum of seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand three hundred and twenty dollars fourteen cents. In part satisfaction of this debt, the state has received a credit on the books of the treasury of the United States for one hundred and thirty-six thousand five hundred and thirty-three dollars and eighty-two cents, expended previous to the passing of said last mentioned act, and is entitled to a further credit, for expenditures subsequent thereto, of one hundred and seven thousand seven hundred and nineteen dollars seventy cents, which I have directed the comptroller to adjust with the secretary of the treasury of the United States, leaving a balance still to be expended by the state of five hundred and twenty-four thousand and sixty-six dollars and seventy cents, to entitle her to a discharge from all demands on the part of the United States.

Next in importance to the defence of our chief city, is the preservation of the health of its inhabitants. It has pleased the Sovereign Disposer of events, in the dispensation of his providence, to permit pestilence again to visit them through the course of the last autumn. The cause of this dreadful scourge being unascertained, it is difficult to say what measures should be resorted to, to prevent its repetition. On this subject the board of health, whose zeal and exertions do honour to their humanity, and justly entitle them to the meed of public applause, can probably best advise. Should it require legislative aid, it doubtless will be afforded. And it is confidently hoped that the burthen of averting a great national calamity, affecting the interests of a whole community, will not be permitted to rest solely on a meritorious portion of it.

During the last recess, I have had an opportunity of reviewing and inspecting a considerable section of the militia, whose military improvement and soldierly deportment far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. Such has been the progress of many regiments, that they are capable of performing several important evolutions with a celerity and precision that would not disgrace regular troops. The greatest defect met with, particularly among the inhabitants of the new settlements, is the want of arms. Many of our hardest and most robust citizens are destitute of the means of procuring them: and where this is not the case, the country does not furnish a a number sufficient for all those whose pecuniary circumstances would enable them to purchase. Nor are the arms they have such as they should be: numbers of them are in bad order, from the want of skilful workmen to keep them in repair; various also in sort and size: a circumstance which, in time of actual service, would be productive of great embarrassment. A difference of calibre alone, from a consequent variety required in the size of cartridges, caused inconveniences

during our revolutionary war, too serious ever again to be hazarded, without incurring the imputation of criminal neglect. The only remedy for the evil, which promises to be effectual, is to arm the militia at the expence of the state. Many are the advantages which would result from the measure. All would become contributors towards the general defence. The arms might be of one stamp; nearly of the same quality; and, in case of invasion, we should not be destitute of an indispensable mean of self-preservation. Should you, gentlemen, resolve on this measure, the preferable methods of procuring and preserving them are to be considered. To import them from abroad, in the present convulsed state of Europe, is probably impracticable. And were it otherwise, there are, in my opinion, irresistible inducements to give a preference to home manufacture. We shall insure an exemption from impositions which have been heretofore practised upon us. Possessing the crude materials within ourselves, we shall, under no circumstances, render an essential mean of defence precarious from hostile interruptions of our commerce.

We shall give encouragement to our own artizans, and promote the home consumption of staple commodities, of which our rapidly progressing industry promises, ere long, to produce quantities which shall seek a foreign market in vain. In preference to contracts, which are ever the fruitful source of controversy, I should recommend the establishment of a manufactory, under the direction of proper officers of the government, upon such a scale as the resources of the state shall justify. With attention and economy, this mode promises to be least expensive and most effectual. Virginia, I am informed, has such an establishment, where five thousand stand of small arms are annually produced, at an average expence of not more than ten dollars per piece. When a sufficient number are provided, they may be distributed among the different regiments, to be deposited in an armoury to be erected in some central position within the limits of each, under the charge of an armourer, provided and supported at the expence of the county. On field-days they might be delivered for use, on the responsibility of the proper officers, to be returned as soon as the parade shall terminate.

Another defect in our military equipment is the almost universal want of experienced drummers. The drum is all important in the day of battle. It must frequently be resorted to as the only means of announcing to the troops intended movements, and may thus decide the fate of an army. I submit to you, gentlemen, whether measures ought not to be adopted, which shall insure a competent number of persons skilled in the martial exercise of that instrument.

From the returns of the commissary of military stores, it appears that the whole park of brass field-artillery belonging to the state consists of but sixty-three pieces, the heaviest of which are six pounders. We have already, including the two regiments in the city of New York, fifty-three companies of artillerists, and there ought to be at least two pieces to a company. The two regiments in the city of New York, if ever called on to act against shipping, should be provided with pieces of a heavier description. That they may be accustomed to the use of them, the immediate purchase of two light brass twenty-fours, weighing about eighteen hundred each, two medium twelves, and two eight inch howitzers, would be advisable. The probable cost will be about eight thousand dollars. A supply of ammunition, it appears, is also much wanted.

For the accomplishment of these various objects, I conceive an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars per annum may be made with little, if any, inconvenience. On looking into the fiscal department it will be found, that the ordi-

nary revenue of the state, for some years to come, will fall little short of three hundred thousand dollars per year; that the ordinary expences, on an average of four years past, do not exceed one hundred and sixty thousand, leaving an annual surplus of one hundred and forty thousand dollars. As a considerable portion, however, of this income arises from debts of individuals, in the payment of which there is little punctuality, the actual receipts at the treasury cannot be calculated to exceed a sum which would, leaving a sufficiency for contingencies, warrant an appropriation from the surplus of ordinary revenue, of more than forty thousand dollars per annum. The deficiency of sixty thousand dollars may be derived from the avails of a semi-annual state-lottery, or such other sources as the wisdom of the government shall point out.

In the course of examination into this department of government, I observe demands against individuals of very long standing, which ought in some way to be disposed of.

The collection of debts due to the state, particularly on the sale of lands, in the ordinary course of judicial proceeding, is dilatory to the one party, and expensive to the other. The propriety of devising a mode less exceptionable, to be applied to all further contracts, merits consideration.

Our statute book is annually swelled to a useless size by the insertion of private acts. Those for the incorporation of turnpike companies occupy many pages. Frequent revisions of the laws might be avoided, and a considerable saving in the expence of legislation effected by excluding them, and by establishing general principles on which such companies shall in future be incorporated.

The propriety of auctioneers holding appointments under the government I have long questioned. There may be substantial reasons for the practice, but I confess I cannot discover them. It certainly is liable to many objections. It is a source of patronage and favouritism unfriendly to the republican system. It deters individuals, who engage in this line, from making those permanent establishments, calculated to beget that ability, punctuality, and consequent respectability, which will ever prove the surest pledge of a faithful discharge of the various trusts confided in them. I cannot but believe that the business would be conducted more to the advantage of the community, and the benefit of the treasury, to be laid open to every one who chose to engage in it, and could give the required security, than by continuing it in that precarious state, where the slightest variations in party, or superiority in intrigue, may in a moment, deprive a family of its bread.

In the discharge of a highly important executive trust, I have been constrained to refer, gentlemen, to your consideration two cases of an unpleasant, though serious and interesting nature. They are cases of murder: each attended with circumstances calculated to excite indignation. They will, notwithstanding, receive, I trust, a candid and dispassionate examination. Stephen Arnold was convicted, at a court of oyer and terminer held for the county of Otsego, before the chief justice. No one more highly estimates the talents, learning, and judicial decisions of this gentleman than I do. Few lawyers, if any, are more generally correct in their opinion. Yet, in the hurry of the business of a circuit, where little time is afforded for reflection, that accuracy cannot be expected, which is the result of more deliberate inquiry. This reflection strengthened a first impression, on reading the report, that the case was new, and involved questions of law meriting further investigation. The result of my examination is, that no case precisely similar to this, in all its circumstances, ever before received a judicial decision; at least, that none is reported. It must rest, then, upon general principles; and although

I do not venture to say, for it is not my province to decide a question of law, that these principles have been misapplied, it is sufficient to justify my referring it to a higher tribunal, that there appeared to me sufficient cause for doubt. It certainly would have been the correct course to have referred the question to the bench of judges, but for this there was not sufficient time between my receiving the official report of the trial, and the period assigned for the execution of the sentence, which was but fifty hours, and the place of execution one hundred and thirty miles distant from me. Under these circumstances I took the only course prescribed to me by the constitution. The common law doctrine upon this subject is not questioned. Certainly, where the death of a child or servant is the effect of passive negligence of a parent or master, the offence may be murder. So also where it is the consequence of active severity in chastisement it may be murder or manslaughter, according to the indiscretion of the choice of the instrument used, the extent of punishment, and the circumstances under which it is administered. The report explicitly negatives all presumption of express malice. His right to correct the child cannot be contested; the instruments used were not unlawful. The essential ingredient in the constitution of his offence arises then, by implication of law, from the indiscreet exercise of his rights, the result of a violent temper. Had the death of the child arisen from a course of immoderate correction, accompanied with intervals of calmness from subsiding passion, it would have evinced that general depravity which warrants the inference. But where the passions are excited, and kept in an uninterrupted agitation, such is the benign tenderness of law to human frailty, that a homicide committed in this state of mind, though a felony, is not murder but manslaughter. Which of these offences the convict has been guilty of, is left for you to decide.

When you shall have this subject under consideration, permit me to direct your attention to the sixth enacting clause of an act entitled "an act concerning murder." Its terms are, "that upon all indictments for the death of any person, if it be found by verdict that the party indicted happened to kill the person for whose death he is indicted, *in lawfully chastising or correcting his child or servant*, the party so indicted, &c. shall not forfeit or lose any thing for the death of the same person so killed, but shall thereof, and for the same be fully acquitted and discharged." This clause has never, to my knowledge, received a judicial construction. Should it be contended that it is applicable only to cases where the correction is lawful in all its particulars, it is useless, for such cases were not punishable at common law. May it not be intended as a protection against the effects of indiscretion? I presume not to give an opinion. It would be travelling out of the line of my duty.

At the last session I recommended to the consideration of the legislature the propriety of an alteration in the criminal code, which should make a distinction between the cases of actual and implied murder. The subject was committed, and the attorney-general, who was charged with it, approved the plan, and determined to report by bill. His time being much occupied, I engaged to draw the bill for him; but really could not find leisure to comply with my engagement. I, therefore, considered the subject as still under legislative consideration, and this was an additional motive for referring the case of Arnold to you. I must add also, as a further inducement, the application of a number of inhabitants of the county of Otsego, for a six weeks respite of this unfortunate man. It was too respectable not to claim attention, and could in no way be constitutionally complied with, but by suspending the execution till the meeting of the legislature. Some letters respecting his case will be laid before you, on

which I shall only remark, that Mr. Peck, I understand, was one of his judges, and Mr. Phinney foreman of the grand jury, who found the bill on which he was convicted.

I cannot dismiss this subject, gentlemen, without remarking the great impropriety of the discussion it has undergone in some of the public prints: a discussion calculated to pollute the streams of justice, and to prevent an impartial decision, on a question involving the life of a citizen. Confident it has failed to produce on your minds the effect intended, I am satisfied it will not have an influence on the fate of the convict.

The other case is that of David Williams, convicted in the county of Cayuga. The report and documents accompanying it will be laid before you, and will furnish every necessary information. The single question is, as to the sanity of the man.

Application was made to the legislature at their last session, by a gentleman of the city of New York, for aid in the support of a botanic garden, which he had recently established. At the request of some of the members, I, in the course of the last summer, paid it two visits, and am so satisfied with the plan and arrangement, that I cannot but believe, if not permitted to languish, it will be productive of great general utility. The objects of the proprietor are, a collection of the indigenous, and the introduction of exotic plants, shrubs, &c., and by an intercourse with similar establishments, which are arising in the eastern and southern states, to ensure the useful and ornamental products of southern to northern, and of northern to southern climes. In the article of grasses, I was pleased to see a collection of one hundred and fifty different kinds. A portion of ground is allotted to agricultural experiments, which cannot but be beneficial to an agricultural people. When it is considered that this branch of natural history embraces all the individuals of the vegetable which affords subsistence to the animal world, composes a large portion of the medicines used in the practice of physic, and many of the ingredients essential to the useful arts, its utility and importance is not to be questioned. But in a country young as ours, the experimental science cannot be expected to arrive at any degree of excellence, without the patronage and bounty of government, for individual fortune is not adequate to the task.

Among the various objects to which I have thought it necessary to call your attention, none certainly claims a preference to those connected with the general defence: they will probably therefore be first considered. That a spirit of harmony and union, gentlemen, which the circumstances of our country at no period have more loudly called for, may preside in your councils, and that every minor consideration may give place to an ardent desire to promote the public good, is the fervent wish of my heart, and shall be the constant object of my unremitted exertions.

MORGAN LEWIS.

Albany, 29*th Jan.* 1806.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADDRESS OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA TO THE LEGISLATURE OF THAT STATE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

* * *

GENTLEMEN,

THE bill entitled "A supplement to the act entitled an act supplementary to the several acts of assembly for the establishing the judicial courts of this commonwealth in conformity to the alterations and amendments in the constitution," was presented for my consideration at the close of the last session of the legislature, when, having twenty-five other bills before me, it was not in

my power, with due deliberation, to return it previously to the adjournment.

I am not, however, disposed to lament this delay, for, beside the opportunity that has been given to consider the frame and operation of the bill itself, I trust the disposition manifested by our constituents, and doubtless felt by you, to establish a judicial system upon comprehensive and efficient principles, will induce you to deem it fortunate, that this particular, inadequate, and temporary arrangement has not been adopted. I have directed the bill to be returned to the senate, in which it originated.

My objections to the bill itself arise from considerations respecting the administration of justice, as well as respecting the policy of the state. For,

1. The bill would increase the delay of justice, would not diminish the expence of law-suits, and, with the present number of judges, would be oppressive, if not impracticable.

The judges of the supreme court are required to hold a circuit court in each county, in which even a single suit is depending, once in every year. Though a single judge may hold a circuit court, it will always be expedient to assign two judges for that duty, to prevent disappointment and the loss of a session by an accident happening to either. Now, there are forty-two counties, and only four judges of the supreme court. The three regular terms of the supreme court will require nine weeks. An attendance of one week in each county upon the circuit, will require twenty-one weeks. In travelling between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, to hold the terms of the supreme court, three weeks would be employed; and the mere travelling to hold the several circuit courts could not be performed in less than eight weeks. Thus every judge of the supreme court must be in constant occupation, without any allowance for infirmities, or casualties, during forty-one weeks in every year.

Again. In some counties, there is scarcely any business depending in the courts: in other counties, the business almost clogs the wheels of justice. Yet the annual session of the courts is directed to be the same in each of these description of counties.

Again. Causes originating in the proposed western district, must be removed into the supreme court, to the September term, held at Pittsburg, and can only be there tried at the distance of a year; whereas, if they were removeable to the supreme court in Philadelphia, they might be decided in the preceding December or March term.

Also; the great accumulation of business which obstructs the administration of justice, naturally exists in our commercial metropolis. The suspension of the courts in Philadelphia adds therefore to the evil; and a transfer of the jurisdiction of the supreme court from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, for a term, is in a great measure shutting the temple of justice against foreign and domestic merchants, and against every class of citizens connected with the transactions of a great emporium of trade. It is true that the inconvenience is not inconsiderable, which a citizen of the western country incurs by attending the supreme court in Philadelphia; but the nature of the controversies that occur, the value of the property in dispute, the number of the suits, and the urgency of the cases, must, with every candid mind, show the necessity of a sacrifice of the immediate accommodation of a few individuals, to the general benefit of the community.

2. The bill would be injurious to the general policy of the state, which consists in the unity of its jurisdiction, its laws, and its habits.

The proposition to divide the state for judicial purposes into an eastern and western district, nearly conforming to the demarcation of the boundary of our mountains, will naturally revive the ideas of a political division, hitherto deemed to be so alarming and injurious.

Not only the prosperity of Pennsylvania, but the prosperity of the union, will greatly depend on an adherence to the territorial distinctions of the states, as well as the spirit of our political compact.

THOMAS M'KEAN.

Lancaster, Dec. 3, 1805.

For the Literary Magazine.

SPEECH OF THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Gentlemen of the Senate, and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

WE have the pleasure to meet again in circumstances of public prosperity. The productions of the last year have been fully sufficient to supply the wants of the people, although at one season the prospect was unfavourable; and they have been exempt from the fatal sickness with which some principal towns in other states have been visited. We are therefore bound to acknowledge the kind interpositions of Providence in our behalf. At the same time, it becomes us to make use of the most effectual precautions that can be devised, to guard our fellow-citizens against the return of that desolating disease.

The president's late message to congress announces that a treaty has been concluded with Tripoli, in which the ransom of our countrymen was agreed to, and to which the successful enterprizes, conducted by one of our fellow-citizens, undoubtedly contributed. But we are in like manner informed, that the injuries we have received from some of the nations of Europe may lead to the employment of force, and that preparatory measures for that purpose are expedient. This subject calls for our attention, so far as it shall be necessary to complete the order and discipline of the militia. You will find, by the adjutant-general's return, that every part of the commonwealth is in a state of military organization, except Nantucket and the Elizabeth islands, and that the number of our militia, so organized, is nearly sixty-seven thousand, the greater part of whom are armed and equipped agreeably to law.

Since your former session, the agents for building the state prison have completed that service; and, in compliance with the act passed on the 15th of last June, the officers of the institution have been appointed, and regulations have been made for the government of the convicts; a copy of them will be laid before you. Warrants have also been directed to the sheriffs of the counties where criminals, who had been sentenced to hard labour, were imprisoned, requiring them to remove such convicts to the state prison, and thirty-four have been removed accordingly. You will perceive the necessity of attending to this subject during the present session, as the act expires on the first day of June, and the general court of the next year will not be able to make the necessary arrangements concerning it before that time.

The constitution makes it the duty of the legislature frequently to assemble for the redress of grievances; for correcting, strengthening, and confirming the laws, and for making new laws, as the common good may require. These several objects, I have no doubt, will receive your attention. If any of the existing laws are found to be oppressive, or injurious in their effects, they will be altered or repealed; if any fail to answer the intended purpose, you will correct and amend them; and if useful regulations are not observed, or the design of the legislature which established them is eluded, you will adopt such measures as shall tend to give them strength and efficacy; and you will also enact such additional laws as the general interest of the state, or the accommodation of particular corporate bodies, or individuals, may require.

It is possible, however, that, in a government like ours, where the acts and resolves of the legislature are sometimes passed with great facility and expedition, the laws may be too numerous, and be extended to cases too minute and particular. The unnecessary interference of government with the private concerns of the people, will always be a source of mischief; their understanding is competent to the direction of their own affairs; and, when left to itself, will generally lead them to measures the most beneficial, both to themselves and the public.

Frequent alterations of the law are likewise attended with inconvenience, as they sometimes produce effects which were not foreseen, and occasion greater evils than they were designed to remedy. They tend to weaken the government, by diminishing the confidence of the people in the stability of its councils; for uniform measures alone can preserve its reputation, or procure durable advantages to the state. It is of importance, too, that the laws should be understood by the citizens; but, if they are often changed, they will not be understood, nor, indeed, will their real tendency be always known. The most judicious plans of improvement may require a number of years to produce their beneficial effects; and the want of consistency in the measures of government would defeat the purposes which they are intended to accomplish. It would therefore be unwise to substitute new and opposite systems, until experience has proved that those which are already in use are manifestly inconvenient.

But changes in the constitution of government are more injurious than in the system of laws; even a small innovation may destroy its principles. The framers of the national constitution had before them, not only the forms which had been preferred by the several states, but those also which before that time had been devised in other ages and nations: and though the repeated experiments which have since taken place in Europe may suggest matter for warning, they afford nothing for imitation. If, notwithstanding, it is found by experience, that the constitution operates very unequally, or the construction of any part is doubtful, amendments may be necessary to alter or explain it. But it is vain to expect that all will be satisfied. Free governments admit of an endless variety of modifications, and the opinions entertained of their respective merits are equally various. When the constitution was established, perhaps no man that became subject to it was perfectly pleased with every part. It was the result of mutual concession, and such indeed must always be the case, when a form of government is voluntarily accepted by a community.

Almost every nation, at some period of their existence, have enjoyed the privileges of a free state; but how few have preserved them! —they have been lost by the inconstancy of the citizens, or forfeited by their vices. In many republics, repeated variations in the modes of government have taken place, as different parties happened to predominate, until the people became weary of changes, and preferred the quiet of absolute power to the tumults of perpetual revolution. In the minds of some men, there seems to be a restlessness, which renders them dissatisfied with any uniform course of things, and makes them eager in the pursuit of novelty; they abound in projects, and are ever meditating some fanciful change in the plan of government, which their imaginations represent as useful. But men of great ambition are still more dangerous; they commonly make the fairest pretences to principle, though they are actuated only by self-interest. If the constitution or laws of their country present obstacles to the accomplishment of their wishes, they employ every artifice to alter or abolish them; and if individuals oppose their attempts, they are equally artful and solicitous to destroy their in-

fluence, and render them odious to their fellow-citizens.

Few men, even in a prosperous community, are fully satisfied with their condition; a great part are easily induced to believe, that there is something wrong in the government or laws, which might be rectified to their advantage; they therefore easily embrace any specious proposal to effect an alteration. The crafty and ambitious know how to avail themselves of this disposition to change, and encourage their followers to expect, that the amendments they propose will perfectly suit their case, and produce the very blessings they wish; in this way they not only effect their immediate object, but acquire an influence which enables them afterwards to accomplish the most destructive innovations. Such persons encourage hopes that can never be realized, and excite complaints which the most wise and benevolent administration is unable to remove.

Indeed, we are generally apt to ascribe too much to the efficacy of laws and government, as if they alone could secure the happiness of the people; but no laws will be sufficient to counteract the influence of manners which are corrupted by vice and voluptuousness; and it is beyond the power of any government to render the circumstances of the citizens easy and prosperous, if they want the habits of industry and frugality. Government is necessary to preserve the public peace, and protect the persons and property of individuals; but our social happiness must chiefly depend upon other causes: upon simplicity and purity of manners; upon the education that we give our children; upon a steady adherence to the customs and institutions of our ancestors; upon the general diffusion of knowledge; and upon the prevalence of piety and benevolent affections among the people.

Our forms of government are, doubtless, like all other human institutions, imperfect; but they will ensure the blessings of freedom to the citizens, and preserve their tranquillity as long as they are virtuous; and no constitution that has been, or can be formed, will secure those blessings to a depraved and vicious people.

The unanimity which appeared in both branches of the legislature when a proposed amendment to the national constitution was disapproved by you at the last session, may seem to render these remarks superfluous; but, as the constitution of this state does not require that such amendments shall be laid before the executive for approbation, and as other questions of this kind are likely to arise, I trust there is no impropriety in suggesting these reflections, or in adding my testimony in favour of the principles you adopt, in the instance to which I refer.

You, gentlemen, I presume, will do all in your power to preserve and perpetuate the advantages enjoyed by our fellow-citizens; by supporting the good order of society, and encreasing the influence of virtuous manners; and by cherishing schools and seminaries of learning, where our youth may be instructed in the rights and benefits of equal government, and strengthened in their abilities to assert and preserve them. As the university of Harvard college is placed by the constitution under the peculiar patronage of government, and as it is made the special duty of the legislature and magistrates of the state at all times to cherish it, you will, in a peculiar manner, be disposed to afford that institution such encouragement and support as its circumstances may render necessary.

The spirit of candour and of mutual deference, which were manifested in both houses at your former session, afford the best assurance that your views will continue to be directed to the common good. If, from the state of the public mind, there is danger of the impulse of party spirit, you will be convinced that every unnecessary dispute, which would have a tendency to inflame that passion, should be

avoided; and I hope and trust that such proofs of justice and impartiality will appear in all your measures as the most dissatisfied will be forced to respect.

CALEB STRONG.

January 17th, 1806.

For the Literary Magazine.

PRIZE MEDALS OFFERED BY THE HUMANE SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE society have observed, with gratitude and admiration, the labours of the many learned and ingenious benefactors of mankind, who have advanced, to a high degree of improvement, the means to be employed in restoring to life those who have been apparently deprived thereof. But they have, at the same time, to regret, that notwithstanding much good hath been done, yet these means very often fail of success. In order to excite public attention towards the further improvement of so important a part of medical science, the society is induced to offer,

For the best dissertation on the means of restoring to life persons apparently dead from drowning, and more effectual than any yet in use, a GOLD MEDAL, *value* FIFTY DOLLARS.

For the second best, a SILVER MEDAL, *value* TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

The dissertations to be sent to the secretary of the society, post paid, by the first day of January, 1808.

They may be written in the English, French, or Latin language, to be accompanied with a sealed paper, containing the author's name and place of residence, which is not to be opened, unless the prize is decreed.

They shall be submitted to the judgment and decision of the medical professors of the University of Pennsylvania.

The society entertain the pleasing hope, that to some of their fellow citizens is reserved the heartfelt satisfaction and honourable reward of improving this truly interesting part of useful knowledge, and of announcing to the world an important addition to the means already in use for restoring suspended animation.

By order of the managers of the Humane Society,

JOSEPH CRUKSHANK, President.

ISAAC SNOWDEN, jun. Secretary.

Philadelphia, Dec. 11th, 1805.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REPLY.

THE dew-drops of morning appeared
  In clusters on every spray,
When the murmur of voices was heard,
  A chiding it seem'd for delay.
I turn'd to a neighb'ring bower,
  Encircled by woodbine around,
When, fair as the jessamine flower,
  Maria in converse I found.

Though blooming as spring was the maid,
  As the cinnamon rose in its pride,
A tear on her bosom had stray'd,
  While addressing the friend by her side.
"Awake," she said, "Mira, the strain
  Alexis was wont to admire;
Perhaps he'll from weeping refrain,
  Allur'd by the sound of thy lyre.

"From apathy, Mira, awake,
  For cold and insensate you seem;

The hearts of all round you might break,
While you are enwrapt in a dream.
Too long, O too long, you have slept,
To the meltings of pity unknown,
While I with the mourner have wept,
And made all his sorrows my own.

" The voice of sweet pity assume,
It may something like comfort convey,
At least it may steal from the gloom
That's wearing our kinsman away.
Let echo reply to a strain,
The tend'rest that sympathy knows:
It fails not to soften our pain,
When others partake of our woes.

" Sure sympathy warm from the heart
May easily dictate the lay,
Nor eloquence fail to impart
What ambition might seek to pourtray.
O let him not sorrow alone,
The desolate victim of fate;
Your heart, once to feeling so prone,
Seems strangely unfeeling of late."

" Maria, nay tempt me no more,"
Said Mira, " my pen to resume;
Those days of indulgence are o'er,
I've wrapt me in apathy's gloom.
The verse, the employment of hours
While all those around me have slept,
The world, by its censuring powers,
Of every charm have bereft.

" They deem it the offspring of pride,
Of a daring and arrogant mind;
Ambition, 'tis said, is my guide,
My talents are light as the wind.
Perhaps they may make it appear:
Yet little I know of my heart
If it shelters a thought insincere,
Or wears the entrappings of art.

" To error I feel I am prone,
I feel it each morning I see;
Yet a treasure there is to atone,
A mercy unbounded and free.
Though frailties and many are mine,
I am not ambitious of fame,
I never have bow'd at its shrine,
From the world I have nothing to claim.

" The talent that nature bestow'd
Is feeble, most feeble, I own,
Afar from the muse's abode,
I've ponder'd, unsmil'd on, alone.
The unsodded grave of a friend
Taught something like numbers to flow;
Nor favour I look'd to attend,
My heart was alive but to woe.

" My pen since a solace has prov'd,
Though weak, it imparted relief,
It was the companion I lov d,
I found it a rival to grief.
Fate destines to some paths of flow'rs,
I prove one with brambles o'ergrown,
Yet alive to sweet sympathy's pow'rs,
The woes of my friends are my own.

" The sorrow, Maria, that wears
The form of Alexis away
My bosom in sympathy shares,
I've wept them by night and by day:
Yet sympathy warm from my heart
Will not lull his sorrows to rest,
Nor strains, though enflower'd by art,
Give ease to his tortured breast.

" To cheer his disconsolate mind,
The sea I as soon could becalm;
Or stay by my hand the strong wind,
As find for his sorrows a balm.
Oh, no! there is none to be found,
Where a sensitive mind is possess'd,
For cruel ingratitude's wound
On the core of the bosom imprest.

" The power that meant he should feel
So deeply, by giving the mind,
That power his sorrows must heal,
The heart that is broken must bind.
Then tempt me, Maria, no more
The strain once so lov'd to resume,
Those days of indulgence are o'er,
I've wrapt me in apathy's gloom.

" Should heaven a favour bestow,
This boon, and this only I crave,
Let me pass through this valley of woe,
Uncensur'd, unknown, to the grave.
Yet let not my foes, who abound,
Once think I crave mercy from them;
Is mercy with hyenas found?
Know they justice who love to condemn?"

She ceas'd; and I saw through the bow'r,
Through parting of leaves I could trace
The aching heart's eloquent power
On a sorrow and time-injur'd face.

She ceas'd, and Maria replied,
But her voice was so soften'd and low,
The sound ere it reach'd me had died,
I heard but the sobbings of woe.

SABINA.

For the Literary Magazine.

IMITATION OF COWPER'S MARY.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

WHO, when my father's fixed eye
Proclaim'd the hour of death was nigh,
Kneel d agonized with sorrow by?
His brother.

Who, when that tender father lay
A pallid form of icy clay,
Wept o'er his orphans night and day?
His brother.

Whose arms convey'd me from the bed
Where lay the dear, the precious dead,
And o'er me tears of anguish shed?
His brother.

Who was the ensuing day my guide,
And led me to the coffin side,
That soon my father's face would hide?
His brother.

Who bade me kiss the lips so cold,
Which I should soon no more behold,
And did himself as I was told?
His brother.

Who led me to the walnut shade,
Beneath whose boughs the grave was made
Where my adored sire was laid?
His brother.

Who rais'd me from the pile of clay,
And bore me in his arms away,
From where my darling father lay?
His brother.

Who led me to the well-known dome,
Where Vanity did never roam,
But was and is fair Virtue's home?
My guardian.

Who, while he press'd me to his heart,
A bosom void of guile or art,
Said all affection could impart?
My guardian.

And, though the soil was far from kind,
Who toil'd with energy of mind,
To make mine as his own refin'd?
My guardian.

Who soul amending lessons drew,
And held Truth's mirror to my view,
With his own bright example too?
My guardian.

Who bade me pray, for prayer, he said,
Would make me soon of sin afraid,
And heal the wound that sin had made?
My guardian.

And still he lives, and opens wide
His door to all the orphan tribe,
And every child of woe beside.

The weary wanderer, and oppress'd,
Knows where to find a place of rest,
And always is a welcome guest.

ELIZA.

For the Literary Magazine.

EXTEMPORE.

MY ring it has lost all its lustre of late,
Said the once beauteous Clara, and dulness I hate.
Alas! my dear sister, Eliza replies,
I fear 'tis the lustre that's flown from your eyes.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON A HANDSOME PHYSICIAN.

WHEN —— for female ills indites,
Not careful what, but only how he writes,
The ladies, as the charming form they scan,
Cry, with ill-omen'd rapture, killing man!